BRITANNIA and EVE

MARCH
1949

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HE: "My coat is all my fortune; I know you'll not be mine;
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TOGETHER: "'Tis mutual admiration; but handsome as we are
We both must be contented to worship from afar."

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BUT

SILVO SILVO FOR BEAUTIFUL SILVER

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 38 No. 3 MARCH, 1949

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CONTENTS

Cover Design by *S. B. Thorpe*

Articles

The New Society
by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
Illustrations
by *Dudley Pout* 13 and 56

This Perfumed Age
by *C. Patrick Thompson*
14–15 and 54

Scraps Of Paper
by *Harry J. Greenwall* 16 and 72

Oscar Wilde In Fleet Street
by *Horace Wyndham* 20 and 64

Historical Romances XXIV
A Bride For Prince Charlie
Written by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24

Animal Methuselahs
by *Frank Lane* 25 and 64

Down The Bath Road
by *Reece Winstone* 29

General

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 68

Home Section

Domestic Pets 33

Test Your Furnishing Skill 34–35

Knitting :
To Match Your Spring Suit
36 and 62
Striped In Grey and Yellow
36 and 62

Dress :
Spring Ahead 37

Moving Incidents 38–39

Seen In Passing 40

In Search Of Glamour 42 and 68
by *Jane Gordon*

Top Dressings 43

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
What's Your Problem? 44
The Way To Look At It 45

Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir*
Invalid Fare 46–47 and 56
Feasting On Fish 46–47

Handy About The House 48

Well Said 51

Stories

Clouded Yellow
by *Ralph Arnold*
Illustrations
by *Albert Bailey* 9–12 and 52

The Provost
by *Hilton Brown*
Illustrations
by *Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.*
17–19 and 58

Star Dust
by *William Macmillan*
Illustrated
by *C. Tunnicliffe* 26–28 and 66

If He Is My Love
by *Theodora Benson*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 30–32 and 70

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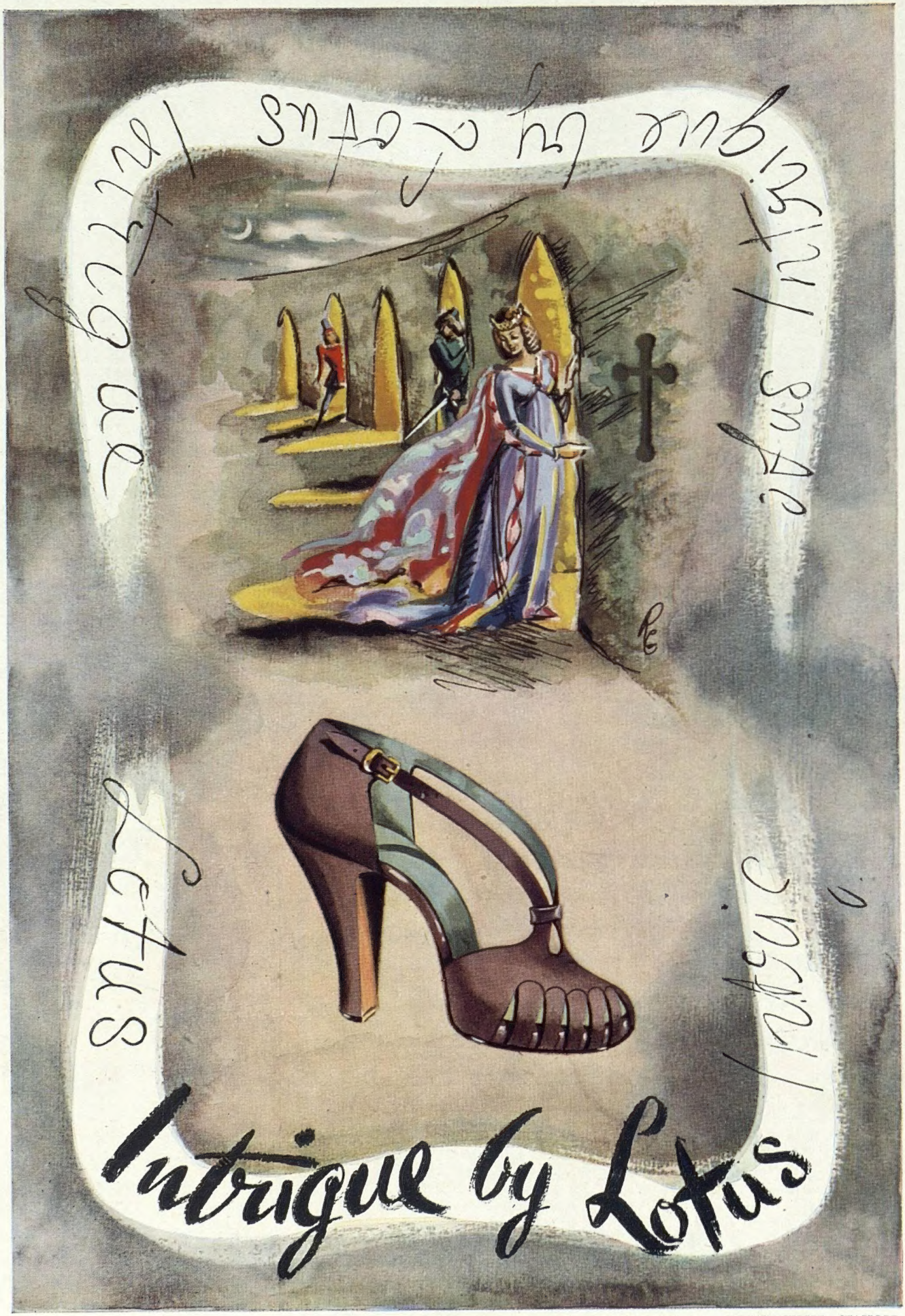

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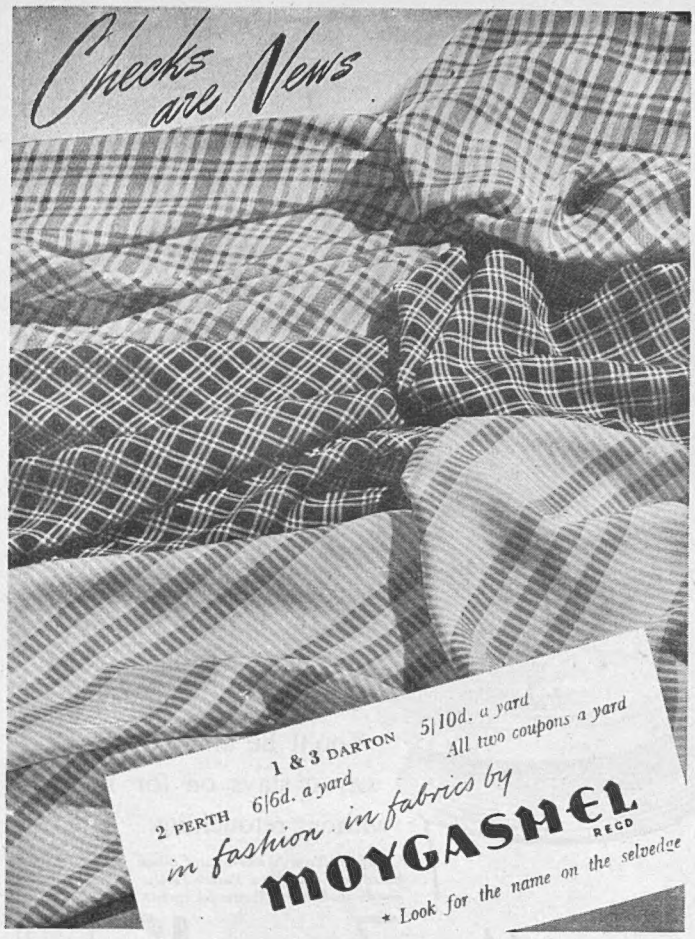
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Britannia and Eve

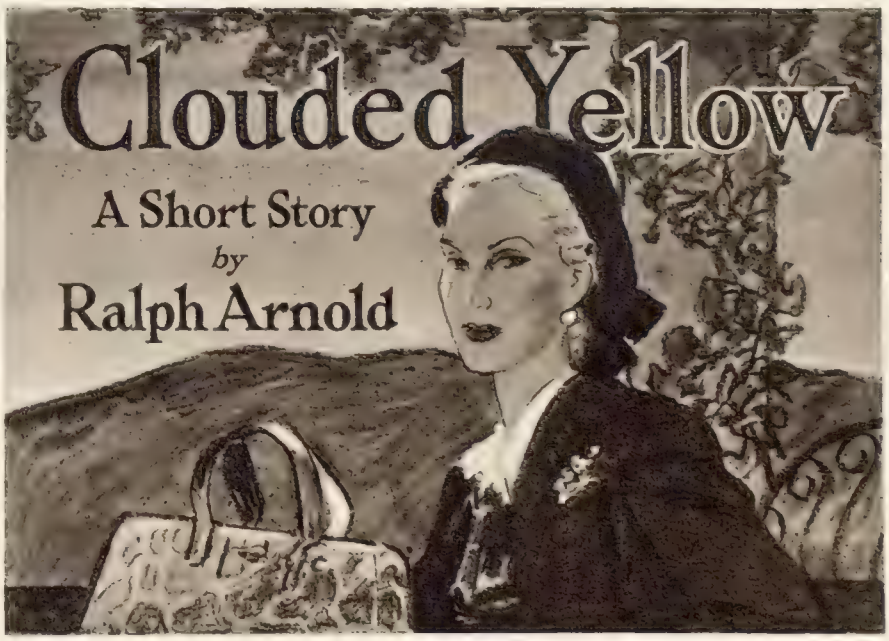
The Frenchman had a butterfly-net in his hand and he raced round and round one of the zinnia beds, flourishing this net

Clouded Yellow

A Short Story

by

Ralph Arnold



IN her large and beautiful villa which stood on the crest of a terraced hill a few miles from a small but famous town in Tuscany, Mrs. Rodmersham was entertaining some friends to luncheon —her neighbours the Eastrys, Professor Foglio, the well-known Italian connoisseur, and a friend of the Eastrys, a Mrs. Teynham, who had arrived to stay with them that morning from Paris.

Mrs. Rodmersham was fond of giving luncheon parties ; and this particular one was in honour of Colonel and Mrs. Chaplin, who had been her guests for ten days and who were shortly returning to England.

Surely, the Eastrys had been thinking all through lunch, surely—and how unexpectedly —the Chaplins were rather bores ? A solidly-built, white-moustached, retired Colonel and his well-bred, neatly-dressed wife. That was quite in order. But it was unlike Mrs. Rodmersham to entertain bores. Most unlike her. And yet . . . that interminable conversation which had arisen from a chance admission by Diana Teynham that she had stayed with the Sittingbournes, neighbours of the Chaplins, in Grebeshire. Lots of people must have stayed with the Sittingbournes. Everyone who was anyone at all must have known that Diana Teynham had hosts of friends in England, France and Italy. Had it really been necessary for Colonel Chaplin to go on and on and on about the beauties of Sittingbourne Park, about the charm of the Sittingbournes, and about the splendour of their pictures and their possessions ? And now that luncheon was over and they were sitting on the terrace looking down over the olive and vine-clad terraces to the sea of tiled roofs, from which a campanile and a dome rose so surprisingly into a cloudless blue sky, was it really necessary for Mrs. Chaplin, at her husband's insistent bidding, to recount at quite such length the mild adventure which had overtaken them in the course of their journey out from England ?

There had been a one-day general strike in France. The boat-train had made a two hours' token halt at a small wayside station between Calais and Paris. Most of the passengers, the Chaplins among them, had passed the time by exploring a dusty little French village.

" Tell Mrs. Teynham about the butterfly man," the Colonel urged.

Mrs. Teynham was beautiful. With her pale, clouded yellow hair and her miraculously fair skin she was like a water-lily. She was also deaf. She had been deaf for a long time.

This fact had been explained beforehand to the Chaplins, though really you would hardly have sensed her infirmity, thanks to an electrical apparatus housed in the outsize handbag which she always carried which, in its turn, was connected with a little disc half-hidden behind her ear by a length of golden flex which ran down under the collar of her white dress, to reappear twisted round and round a barbaric gold bracelet on her right wrist. The handbag had been fashioned by an artist out of vivid green crocodile skin, and as it lay in its customary place on the table beside her, Colonel Chaplin had gallantly remarked that it completed the picture. The water-lily and its floating green leaf.

" Well, you see," Mrs. Chaplin went on, " we had all this time to put in, and, of course, Charles always *will* poke his nose into everything, and at the end of the village street there were some big gates—I suppose they belonged to some kind of château. They were standing open, and inside there was a park with trees and a lot of rough grass and some lovely zinnias in raised beds—massifs, don't they call them ?—and, of course, it did look deliciously cool and inviting, and so in we went, though it was terrible trespassing. Then suddenly, while we were peacefully sitting on a log, an enormous Frenchman bounded out from behind a tree—a really huge man with a pointed beard and a hooked nose—and what do you suppose he did ? He had a butterfly-net in his hand and he raced round and round one of the zinnia-beds flourishing this net—there were heaps of butterflies hovering over the flowers—and in the end he managed to catch one. Wasn't it extraordinary ? "

" Extraordinary ! " Mrs. Teynham echoed faintly.

" He hardly glanced at us," Mrs. Chaplin concluded. " He simply turned on his heel and disappeared again behind the trees."

" In any case," the Colonel added, " our time was about up, so we went back to the train."

It was, Lady Eastry could not help thinking, a particularly dull, flat little story.

" To-morrow," she said, " Mrs. Teynham wants to see the collection in the Stroma Palace. I expect you know all the treasures there, Colonel Chaplin ? "

" I know the saddle," Colonel Chaplin announced proudly. " The saddle with all that gold and silver embroidery on it. Jolly interesting, that saddle. Now that particular saddle in the what-you-may-call-it Palace . . ."

Professor Foglio, seeing the dawning expression of agony on Lady Eastry's face, broke in. " Ah, yes ! The Tuscan saddle. It 's in the little upstairs room with the Rosa d'Oro. You remember the exquisite little Rosa d'Oro, Colonel, that a Pope gave to one of the Stroma duchesses ? "

" Ah, yes," Colonel Chaplin said. " Now, about that saddle. It marks a transition, as a matter of fact. A transition in what you might call the evolution of saddlery." He turned to Mrs. Teynham, and it had been noticeable from the moment they had been introduced that he had difficulty in keeping his eyes off her.

" Tell you what," he suggested, " you 're going to this Palace to-morrow morning ? How about my meeting you there ? Eleven o'clock sharp, at the main entrance. And I 'll show you that saddle. I think it will interest you. Is that a date ? "

Lady Eastry glanced at Mrs. Chaplin. A faint frown puckered her smooth forehead.

They were both bores, Lady Eastry decided ; but the Colonel was a naughty, flirtatious old man into the bargain.

AFTER the luncheon party had broken up—Professor Foglio had been the last to go because the Colonel had buttonholed him and had walked him up and down the terrace, cross-questioning him, presumably, about mediæval Italian saddlery—Mrs. Rodmersham and Alice Chaplin retired to their rooms for a siesta and Colonel Chaplin took a detective-story and wandered off through the gardens to a place that he knew of and of which he was extremely fond. It was at the foot of the wall which formed one of the terraces that climbed up the hill, and there was a fallen stone which made a very comfortable seat. Rosemary had been planted along the top of the wall, for the benefit of Mrs. Rodmersham's bees, and its scent mingled with the smell of the wild thyme with which the ground was carpeted.

The Colonel lit a pipe ; watched the lizards scuttling about round his feet ; looked now at the silver-leaved olives, now at the vines climbing up their supporting maple trees, and now at the line upon line of blue Tuscan hills. Then he extracted a pair of tiny scissors from his waistcoat pocket, tried them on his well-cared-for nails, shook his head, selected a lump of soft sandstone from among the fallen stones from the wall, and began very carefully to sharpen the edges of the blades. This accomplished, he read a chapter of his book, began to nod, and finally fell asleep.

NEXT morning, Mrs. Teynham was a quarter of an hour late for her rendezvous at the Stroma Palace, and Colonel Chaplin, standing in the deep shadow of the stone entrance, watched her making her way across the sloping Piazza which was paved with pale pink bricks.

She was wearing a long white dress and she was carrying the big crocodile-skin bag which was the badge of her misfortune and which, by some alchemy, had transformed itself into an additional allurement. Mrs. Teynham and the bag were mysteriously one. You could not imagine them apart.

The Colonel greeted her enthusiastically.

" Splendid ! " he said. " Magnificent ! That 's the stuff. Now, look here, shall we go straight up ? Where 's Lady Eastry ? She 's not coming ? Well, I dare say we 'll get along quite well without her. My wife and Mrs. Rodmersham are doing the frescoes in the Duomo, and a dashed dull time they 'll have of it, if you ask me. If you 've seen one lot of frescoes, you 've seen the lot."

He paid the two modest entrance fees, fumbling over the denominations of the messy little Italian notes, and as they mounted the cool, wide staircase together, Mrs. Teynham gently rested her right hand on the Colonel's arm.

" Poor little lady," Colonel Chaplin murmured. " Must be dashed heavy work carting that great bag around " ; and with his own big right paw he patted first the barbaric gold bracelet and then the little hand that was so white against the dark cloth of his grey flannel coat.

" Must think me an old idiot," he murmured gruffly.

Mrs. Teynham gave one of her delicious little laughs.

" Nonsense ! " she said. " ' Many a good tune . . .' "

The saddle was in a little room on the top flor of the Palace, an apartment hung with tapestries and furnished with tables on which some of the special treasures of the place were displayed in glass-fronted cases, gold crucifixes, a tabernacle studded with precious stones, crystal goblets, a dozen other objects of exquisite craftsmanship—and the famous saddle.

Mrs. Teynham was a quarter of an hour late for her rendezvous at the Stroma Palace. She was wearing a long white dress and she was carrying the big crocodile-skin bag which was the badge of her misfortune. The Colonel greeted her enthusiastically

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

A shabby, grey-haired attendant rose from his stool just inside the doorway and was addressed by the Colonel in execrable Italian. As they made little headway, Mrs. Teynham was enlisted as interpreter. The Colonel first wanted the glass case in which the saddle reposed moved on to another table where the light was better. Then he wanted it moved again. He was fussy and exacting—not that it mattered, for there did not appear to be another soul in the building and the attendant could hardly have been busy. Finally he asked that the case should be opened and the saddle lifted out.

He leant over it, almost crooning with pleasure, and Mrs. Teynham dutifully lifted her big bag from the nearby table on which she had set it down and moved it on to the empty space beside the saddle itself.

She listened with her lovely head a little on one side. She heard about Greek saddles and Roman saddles and Etruscan saddles. It was a very long and a very dull lecture, but, like all long and dull lectures, it came at last to an end.

She turned and then gave a little cry of pleasure.

"Look," she said, "the little Rosa d'Oro—the gold rose that the Professor was talking about yesterday."

The attendant nodded proudly—it was the finest of the treasures which were under his care; but

Colonel Chaplin scarcely gave it a second glance.

"Very pretty," he observed.

This was certainly an understatement. Within the shelter of its little oblong glass case the gold rose that a Pope had given to a Stroma duchess was exquisite. It was a spray, meticulously modelled, the stem, the leaves, the buds and the one full-blown flower covered with gold leaf so bright and fresh after the passage of centuries that it might have been applied the day before. And that was not all. On each leaf and on each bud there rested a shining, glinting drop of dew, and an enamelled yellow butterfly was lightly poised on the expanded flower.

Mrs. Teynham could hardly tear herself away from the little case that housed this treasure.

"I don't think," she said, "that I have ever seen anything so lovely in all my life."

BACK in the Piazza, they joined Mrs. Rodmersham and Mrs. Chaplin who, the Duomo and its frescoes duly admired, had established themselves at a table under the dark red awning of the Ristorante Speranza Bar.

Quite unobtrusively, Mrs. Teynham moved the vermouth glasses to make room for her bag.

"The better to hear you with," she murmured.

" Well," Mrs. Rodmersham enquired, " and did you see the famous saddle ? "

Mrs. Teynham laughed. " I saw it," she said, " and I heard *all* about it. I really believe that I could pass a stiff examination in saddles."

Professor Foglio strolled up and joined the party. He nodded to the Colonel.

Mrs. Chaplin leant forward.

" Tell me, Mrs. Teynham," she said. " This apparatus of yours. Is there—you must forgive my curiosity—is there a little switch ? "

" A little switch ? " Diana Teynham sounded puzzled.

" A little switch, so that, when you 're bored, you can just switch it off and not hear any more. Like the wireless, you know."

The Colonel's face darkened.

" Really, Alice," he said, " I call that a most offensive thing to say. If Mrs. Teynham was bored, she had the grace and good manners not to show it."

" Of course she was bored," Mrs. Chaplin affirmed happily. " You see, for years and years and years I 've longed for just that. A little switch that I could turn off and on. So I just wondered."

" Well, if there *is* a little switch," Mrs. Teynham said, " I can promise you that I didn't use it this morning."

" No need to," the Colonel observed gruffly.

Mrs. Teynham looked surprised.

" Of course there was no need," she said ; adding, a little lamely, " I was fascinated by what you told me."

" Look at your wrist, woman ! "

There was a parade-ground bite in the Colonel's voice.

Mrs. Teynham's eyes dropped to her bracelet.

Among its heavy coils two frayed and severed ends of electric wire stood out nakedly.

Her cheeks flushed and then she went deadly pale.

" It 's impossible ! " she began. " I never——"

Colonel Chaplin broke in : " That happened an hour ago. And since the bag is clearly of no further use to you, madam, I should rather like to see inside it."

His big, clumsy fingers passed over its gold catch, then one whole side of the rectangular container slid gently open and a small, oblong glass case was slowly pushed out on to the Ristorante table as if by an invisible spring.

There was a glint of gold, a sparkle of diamond dewdrops, and the sun caught the enamelled wings of a yellow butterfly.

Professor Foglio's fingers closed over the case.

" The Rosa d'Oro ! " he said. " The real Rosa d'Oro. I 've just come from the Stroma Palace. The rose spray that is now in a glass case in the upstairs room is a replica. A very clever replica, an exquisite replica—but a fake."

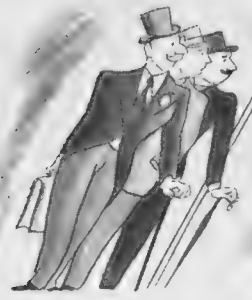
LATER that same day, back at the villa, Colonel and Mrs. Chaplin sat with the Professor and their hostess on the terrace that overhung the olive-planted hill. There had been formalities, interviews, charges—a wearing round of the offices of the police and of museum officials, and this was the first time that the four of them had been alone together.

" But, Charles," Mrs. Chaplin demanded, " when were you absolutely certain ? "

" After I had cut the wire where it twisted round her bracelet," the Colonel explained. " I did it," he went on, cocking a slightly anxious eye in his wife's direction, " as we walked up the stone staircase of the Palace. I had a pair of small but very sharp nail-scissors in my right hand. It was pretty dark. The lady was trusting enough to take my arm. I reached across and—er—patted and—er—possibly even fondled her hand a little. A very natural action. In the process I cut the flex. I then made some fatuous remark. She heard perfectly—or at least, she made a slightly offensive but highly suitable reply. I knew then that she wasn't deaf. I knew, then, that she carried round that large and commodious bag for some quite other purpose."

Mrs. Rodmersham laughed. " I always said that Charles was deep," she observed. " But to go back a stage further. What made you first suspect the woman ? Have you ever seen her before ? " (*Continued on page 52*)

A shabby, grey-haired attendant rose from his stool just inside the doorway and was addressed by the Colonel in execrable Italian



The New Society

By
Ferdinand Tuohy

A NORWEGIAN Labour delegation felt constrained to report that very high salaries were being paid in Russia to "a new upper class of managers, party functionaries, high officers, etc." It was plainly a shock for the stolid Norsemen that such a state of affairs could come about in a socialized society whose proudest boast is an all-pervading egalitarianism.

Truth staggers on!

The march of our time has engendered no more illuminating process than this rise of a new governing class. After the merchants and the millowners who were similarly typical of past centuries, the managers and the mouthpieces of "the workers" have now come to town, and along with them an expanding army of State officials and others with vested interests.

The managers and mouthpieces are very much alive to the twin techniques of putting themselves over, and of wearing the requisite armour . . .

It is all traceable to two Germans, Hegel and Marx. The former taught that man realizes his true nature if he submerges himself in the State, and the latter put forward "the workers" as an economic class substituted for the nation-State and—far from incidentally—the one class that counted.

THE transfer of power resulting from the application of these doctrines is now producing a New Elite. With an airy certitude, it treats as a lesser breed all who are not "producers"—which term, broadly interpreted, appears to imply all who aren't actually, and preferably manually, engaged in primary production or in manning the Machine in one way or another (that most of the inventors and realizers of the Machine would have been classed as "non-producers" doesn't strike a bell).

In Czechoslovakia matters have advanced to the formal creation of a second-class citizenry who must pay more for the staple necessities than members of the Communist Party, trade union officials, "workers" and small peasants. Such as shop-owners, "independent income-earners," and members of the free professions, won't even get a look-in on clothing coupons. An as yet faint reflection is manifest here, at home, in tolerant mirth about "drones" who are "lucky to get what they do."

The New Elite is observable in varying degree and conduct wherever the State has collared the individual (out in Russia, the collar has merely been low). Never was there such patronage, such a monopoly hand-out of Government posts. In our own purview, the "placemen" who rendered Walpole's administrations notorious were kindergarten stuff compared with the "jobs for the boys" that are going to-day.

Qualifications? The New Elite is very conscious of them; indeed, its main characteristic is that it brooks no correction. It will not admit to error. When in a corner, it rides the high horse and inimitably intones "No comment."

The managers and mouthpieces are very much alive to the twin techniques of putting themselves over, and of wearing the requisite armour, and for these purposes surround themselves with separate corps of propagandists, investigators (secret police in some climes) and enforcers.

WHAT'S really happening now is that the New Elite is finding it increasingly difficult to merge its identity with that of the common herd. Surely the secret of the extraordinary interest taken in the Lynskey Tribunal was that it turned the brightest of arc-lights upon a strange new world, by-product of contemporary social change? We were vouchsafed more than a glimpse of some of our own New Elite with their hair down.

It was all a manifestation of a too hurriedly Socialized society, wherein controls elevate relatively lightweights to positions of disproportionate power, and State-regulated shortages render a used half-box of cigars a temptation. For my part, I was most struck by the company kept, and the trifling nature of the gifts accepted. Offer me an island of houris, offer me champagne permanently laid on in the wall, and I might think of responding as expected. I'd look at half bottles of whisky and an odd one of sherry as the grossest impertinence.

If the new governing class be any criterion, there won't be a "lower effective demand for luxuries and semi-luxuries" if by these are meant silk stockings, perfumes, wines, furs, cigars, jewels. The spectacle at any Soviet reception—say, at Frankfort—clinches that matter. You'll see the new ruling class decked out to beat the band, and sending down champagne cocktails and wolfing delicacies to the manner born.

The Americans in Germany are accused of high-hatting Iron Curtain receptions, whereas the truth is that the ambrosial air at such gatherings tends to weaken the will to cold-war. That, and the Balkan operetta atmosphere of gaudy uniforms and medals all over the chests of the males, and the furs and silks and showy jewellery of the females.

Fight as they may against them, the old degrading habits of the gentry and bourgeoisie will assert themselves. Why, these egalitarians cannot even resist tipping! Moscow censures severely, calling it "revolting" that barbers, cloak-room attendants, programme sellers at the opera and ballet, should look at one expectantly or mention "Whatever you wish to give"; yet is it so surprising when you consider the tone set in the highest reaches of the New Elite?

WHEN Gromyko was sent to live in New York for his spell of *niet! niet! niet!* in the Security Council, did he seek lodgings on the East Side, commensurate with the toiling masses' situation in life? He did not. He sent scouts up the plutocratic banks of the Hudson, and finally came to rest on the most costly estate in (*Continued on page* 56)

If the new governing class be any criterion, there won't be a "lower effective demand for luxuries and semi-luxuries" if by these are meant silk stockings, perfumes, wines, furs, cigars, jewels

This Perfumed Age

To-day Men Have Invaded The Nice-Smell Market As Women Have Invaded The Cigarette Market

By C. Patrick Thompson

ALL the directors had gathered in the oak-panelled board room. The founder of the firm, dead a hundred years, watched from his perch on the wall behind the chairman and managing director's mahogany desk. For weeks, the chief research chemist had been busy with his best team in the huge laboratory, rebuilt since the war, and thrice the size of the old one.

The chief chemist was also the sales manager. He had arrived early to re-examine the final product, ultimate essence of all this protracted and intricate activity, involving rare and valuable ingredients, batteries of complex apparati, multitudinous operations, furrowed brows, and nervous tensions.

He had invited me to meet him in his office. It was a big bare room with glass-fronted cabinets and open shelves stacked with labelled vials and bottles and cans, and a great window looking out over rose and jasmine gardens and mimosa groves. On the massive polished table running the length of the room stood several radial clip files—gadgets like wheel spokes radiating from a central hub but minus a rim, and mounted horizontally on a metal pillar. Each spoke terminated in a clip, and most of the clips held a paper spill.

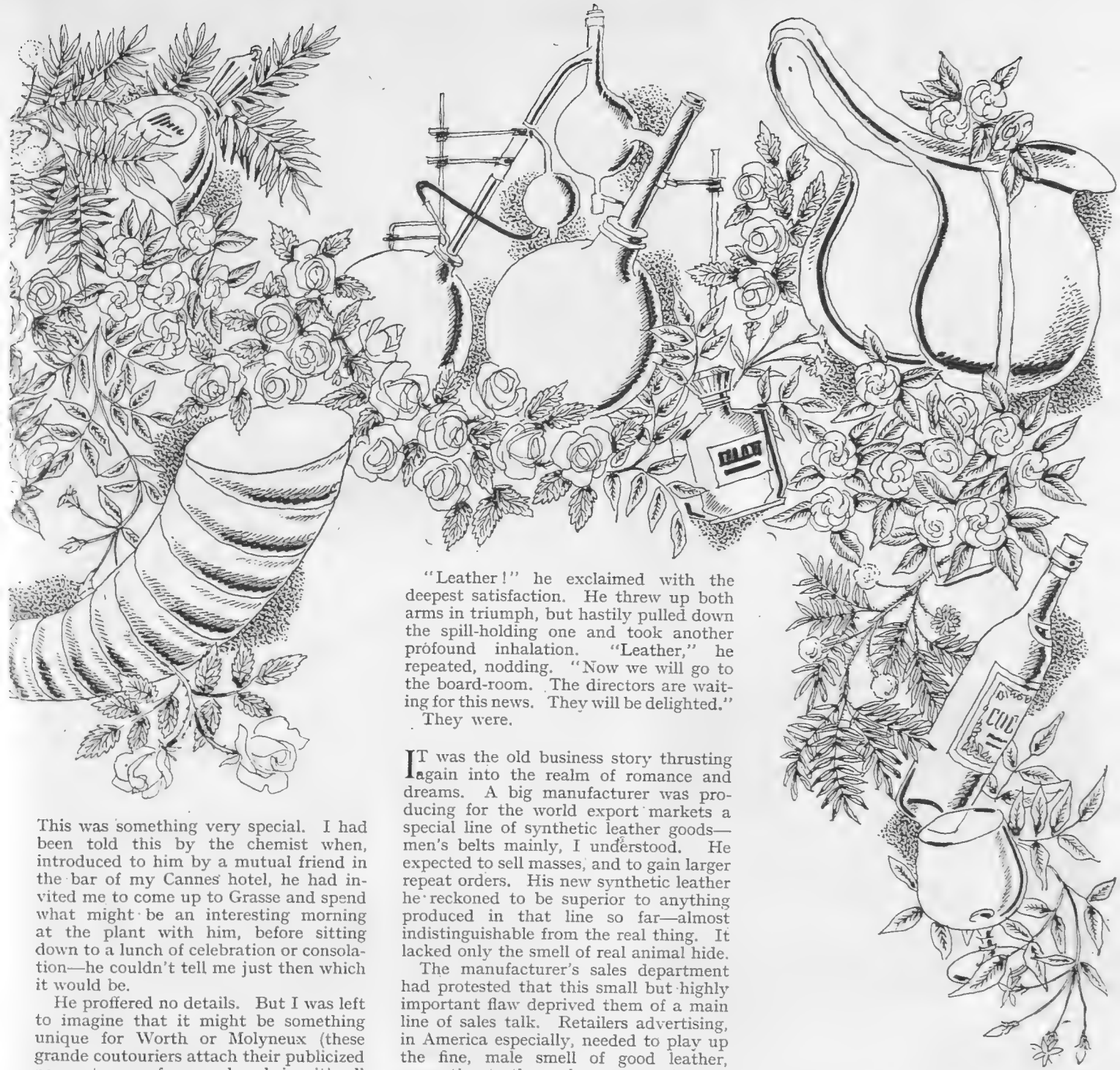
Waving me to a seat opposite his chair, the chemist took a spill delicately from a clip and applied it to what he called "my tester." His "tester" was the only piece of equipment in the entire elaborate plant, covering several acres, and hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of stills, retorts, balances, and all the other chemical what-nots, which he seemed wholly to trust.

It consisted of two small covered passages, protruded, between upper lip and brow, and linked by a score of hair-fine nerves to an olfactory brain lobe. You have one, too, though it's probably not so highly developed as his. It's the olfactory organ of vertebrates—the nose.

Using it, our friend could not only smell; he could analyse smells. He could sniff a spill taken from one of those clips and tell you the dozen or the score of things which had been blended to make up just that particular smell. He could do more. He could tell you whether the rose, or lilac, or orange, which you smelled, was the product of a chemical, probably coal-tar derived, or the authentic distillation of Nature's flower or fruit. He could shut his eyes, and sniff, and then begin to tell you a whole fairy-tale and adventure-story, ranging over all the seas and continents; and it all came out of the smell he had inhaled—the Asiatic animals, the exotic flowers and herbs, all the components of the specific ravishing odour mixed and moulded and seethed and distilled and dripped and matured and coloured and spiced, and finally put into a test tube, and a drop captured on the end of a paper spill for the Merlin of the plant to smell, and put back in the clip and leave a day, or a week or a month, for smell-testing again, and again: enduringness being one of the qualities the magic liquor must have to be perfect.

He had concocted a new synthetic perfume. He does that all the time. It's one of his seasonal jobs, the creation of new, highly intriguing, and subtly unfamiliar smells. The mink-coat trade demands it and pay £5, £10 and £15 for a one-ounce vial. The mass-market chain-store buyers also demand, at a lower price, new seasonal synthetic scents, which they can label "Glamorous Night," or "White Passion," and sell, through costly advertising campaigns to the masses.

BUT the board of this old Grasse basic-perfumed factory does not assemble for news of the success or failure of such routine seasonal new-smell jobs. Nor do the laboratory teams work weeks on these bread-and-butter problems in synthetics.



This was something very special. I had been told this by the chemist when, introduced to him by a mutual friend in the bar of my Cannes hotel, he had invited me to come up to Grasse and spend what might be an interesting morning at the plant with him, before sitting down to a lunch of celebration or consolation—he couldn't tell me just then which it would be.

He proffered no details. But I was left to imagine that it might be something unique for Worth or Molyneux (these grande coutouriers attach their publicized names to a perfume and cash in: it's all merchandize on the high-fashion counter), or one of those seductive houris who draw on the deep pockets of an entranced American millionaire, a bewitched Indian rajah, or an Egyptian prince.

Now, sniffing at the spill held triumphantly under my nose, I was astounded. I sniffed again. No mistaking the fresh, rich, tangy odour.

"It's leather!" I said, disappointed and incredulous.

"Leather!" he exclaimed with the deepest satisfaction. He threw up both arms in triumph, but hastily pulled down the spill-holding one and took another profound inhalation. "Leather," he repeated, nodding. "Now we will go to the board-room. The directors are waiting for this news. They will be delighted."

They were.

IT was the old business story thrusting again into the realm of romance and dreams. A big manufacturer was producing for the world export markets a special line of synthetic leather goods—men's belts mainly, I understood. He expected to sell masses, and to gain larger repeat orders. His new synthetic leather he reckoned to be superior to anything produced in that line so far—almost indistinguishable from the real thing. It lacked only the smell of real animal hide.

The manufacturer's sales department had protested that this small but highly important flaw deprived them of a main line of sales talk. Retailers advertising, in America especially, needed to play up the fine, male smell of good leather, suggesting to the snob massman that he, too, for an under-cost-of-the-real-thing, could smell like a man of distinction—you know, saddles, huntin' boots, stirrup leather, raw-hide suitcases.

The flaw was remedied. Everybody was happy. New market vistas opened. Another gold rush was on.

It seems that it's relatively easy for the adroit and experienced specialized chemist to concoct and brew, from chemicals, mostly with a coal-tar base, something that smells like lilac or lavender or deep-wood violets—near enough anyway to bottle and sell to the low-price perfume trade. But it's something else to imitate the smell of leather, a processed fine wool, or a mature Havana cigar.

Increasingly that is what the manufacturers and distillers of basic perfumes—the raw material of the scent makers—are being asked to do. It's all a part of the growing competitive pressure and elaboration of our spoiled age. It began with industrial design. A thing must look well, besides being utilitarian and working effectively. As between two cars, two radio sets, two pairs of shoes, each equally effective for its job, the one people buy is the one that pleases the eye most.

Now it's gone on from eye to nose appeal. The entrepreneurs have found it's as lucrative to appeal to the nose, as to the ear, eye and palate. And although romantic advertising makes the average citizen think that perfume distillers are in business only to enhance the allurements of the (*Continued on page* 54)

Scraps Of Paper

History And Romance In The Record Office

By

Harry J. Greenwall

Three historic documents. A Bull of Pope Innocent III (*left*), the Charter of King Richard I (*centre*) and the Charter of William, King of Scots (*right*). The Papal bull was directed to the people of Ireland exhorting them to be faithful to King John. The Charter of Richard I confirms a partition of the inheritance of William de Say, while the third document restores to "Robert de Brus" the land which his father and he had previously held in Annandale. It is dated 1166, and bears the Great Seal of Scotland

WHO would expect to find Romance in Chancery Lane, London, and of all the places, in the Public Record Office! But, there it is, you know. True, you have to be yourself of a romantic turn of mind. You must not expect Beauty with long golden tresses, or *preux chevaliers* with powdered hair and sateen breeches. If you think you have caught sight of powdered hair, you will know it is just a barrister rushing by to the neighbouring Law Courts. No, the Romance I found was in parchment, sometimes laced with gold bullion thread. Documents in Latin and French and good, stolid English. Treaties of long ago. Scraps of Paper, if you like, but what scraps; stories hidden here of high adventure in the eternal snows of Tibet, or a little slavery off the West Coast of Africa; now let us see for ourselves.

A Record that carried supreme authority: the two volumes of Domesday Book, opened to show the script in which they were written. The possessions of every inhabitant of England were set down here, and Domesday was for long recognized as the supreme witness in matters of tenure

If you want to start back in the real "olden times" you will find that the Government of England, in say any time up to the reign of the Tudors, limited its treaty making to a comparatively small group of Continental powers, of which the only countries concerned, with few exceptions, were France, Spain, Portugal and the Low Countries; apart from these, there were treaties of a commercial nature with the Hansa League.

Here, too, before your very eyes, you can trace the ties which bind Britain to Portugal, "Britain's Oldest Ally." The story begins in 1385 when Joao I, King of Portugal, entrusts one Ferdinand and another Lawrence Joao Fogaca with Full Power to conclude a Treaty with Richard II of England and John, King of Castile, and Leon, Duke of Lancaster. This Treaty was signed at Coimbra, the ancient capital of Portugal, now a university town. The Treaty is just a single parchment sheet, written in Latin, sealed with leaden seals on laces of red and yellow silk. And why was this Treaty concluded, you may be asking; what was its object? The answer is a simple one: The King of Portugal had no money to pay the Portuguese troops and he thought he could raise a loan in England.

TO-DAY you can fly from Lisbon to London in a few hours; in the fourteenth century it was a long, long journey. So now the scene changes to Windsor Castle. It is May 1386, just thirteen months have elapsed since scene one. Here is another treaty; it is still a single sheet of parchment, written in Latin, but behold the seals; instead of lead they are now of red wax. Matters have indeed progressed. Richard II and John I of Portugal herewith sign a Treaty of Perpetual Alliance (which has now existed for 563 years); moreover, Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, who was King Richard's uncle, is married to King John of Portugal, thus now cousin by marriage to the King of England. But this is not all. The tale jumps ahead to August, 1387, and we are back in Coimbra. Another sheet of parchment and we are back on the lead standard and the laces of red and white silk. Just a simple ratification of the Windsor job of fifteen months earlier.

Once again the (*Continued on page 72*)

(*On right*) A Roll of Pleas in the court of King's Bench in the reign of Henry VIII. The initial "P" in each of these documents contains a representation of the Sovereign enthroned. The Record Office has in its possession a series of Plea Rolls from the reign of Richard I

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

COUNCILLOR MACLAGAN came home to his midday dinner full of gloom. He ate it in virtual silence and then told his little son Bobbie to run away and play

The Provost

How The Filibusters Were Outwitted In A Town Council Meeting

By Hilton Brown

Sunday

THEY carried Provost Goudie into the vestry so quickly that Sunday morning, that very few of the congregation coming out of St. Michael's saw that he had fainted. Not quickly enough, however, to elude Mrs. Sim, the wife of the Senior Bailie, an angular woman in her forties who came to church for what she could see and what she could say. And here was a titbit for Mrs. Sim. With the Town Council meeting coming off on Friday, with the great show-down battle of Sim versus Goudie over what Balbirnie called its "Bombed Site" billed for the occasion. . . . And now, perhaps, Goudie a non-starter. . . .

The Provost went home by hired car brought stealthily to the side door of St. Michael's; Mrs. Sim went home on her feet, pleasantly conscious of the receptive audience that awaited her at Cluny Villa. It was a fine June morning and Bailie Sim was in a deck-chair reading the Sunday papers. He was a stocky, sandy, perky little man, ferret-faced with cropped reddish hair; he owned a ladies' outfitting shop in Balbirnie High Street—a fact which enabled Mrs. Sim to dress rather better than most of the ladies in her income group. She suspected her husband of minor infidelities and watched him like a hawk. She watched everybody; the nine-year-old Master Colin Sim, the sole fruit of the marriage, led a dog's life.

Mrs. Sim said, in her shrill falsetto with its emasculated "r's," "It's te'ibly hot. . . . The P'ovost fainted coming out of chu'ch."

Bailie Sim put down his newspaper.

"Did he now? It would just be the heat."

"Maybe, maybe not. He looked ve'y ill to me."

"Uh-uh?"

"*Veh-hey* ill. It wouldn't su'p'ise me if he couldn't come to the meeting on F'iday."

Mr. Sim sniffed loudly—a habit of his. "It would *me*. If Goudie can walk, if he can crawl, if he can stand on his feet, if he can sit in a chair an' be carried, he'll make it somehow. He knows what he's up against. . . . Ye'd better go in an' put on the joint."

Mrs. Sim departed, stiffly angular. Her husband sat a moment sucking his teeth and gazing at his hydrangeas. *If* Goudie was out on Friday? He saw in his mind's eye the agenda-list of the Town Council meeting: Item (2) Minute of the Lands and Parks Committee (Bailie Sim, Convener, to move). Disposal of the Bombed—or, as plain Provost Goudie would call it, the "Boamed"—Site. The Bombed Site wasn't really a bombed site at all; no bomb had fallen within fifty miles of Balbirnie. It *had* been the Old Market; but the troops billeted in the war, after the manner of billeted troops, had succeeded in burning

it to the ground with two shops on either side of it; so now there was a large vacant eligible space in the middle of Balbirnie High Street. In this space Provost Goudie and his supporters proposed to locate an Old Folks Home; Bailie Sim and *his* supporters were out for a Recreation Centre with super-cinema, café-restaurant and dance hall. They were not going to suceed in this if Provost Goudie could help it.

And he *could* help it. Mr. Sim drew a blade of grass and began to pass it through his uneven teeth while he ran, once more, over a little sum in elementary arithmetic. The Balbirnie Town Council numbered nine members and the division into camps was crystal clear. The Provost had with him Bailie Shearer, Treasurer Reekie, Councillors Ritchie and Gibb; in all five. Bailie Sim had with him Dean of Guild Fiddes, Councillor Maclagan and Councillor Cleghorn; in all four. Too simple. But if Provost Goudie were too ill to attend, then Senior Bailie Sim automatically took the chair; and then it was four-four.

But Senior Bailie Sim also took automatically the Provost's extra casting vote. . . .

Oh, boy!

Monday

ON the Monday, another stifling morning, Councillor Maclagan came home to his midday dinner full of gloom. He ate it in virtual silence and then told his little son Bobbie to run away and play. He said to his wife who was twelve years his junior, a wiry, swarthy, vindictive woman with hot brown eyes:

"I saw Sim."

Mrs. Maclagan looked her question.

"I'm no' t' get it, Nelly."

Balbirnie had decided to replace the cobbles in its High Street with tar macadam; Maclagan, in whose line of business this was, had tendered after due formalities. Bailie Sim, among his many activities, convened the Roads Committee.

Mrs. Maclagan said quickly, "Who gets it then?"

"Throughroads Limited. . . . Maybe they're right. Maybe a big firm'll do it better."

Mrs. Maclagan looked at her husband, to whom she was passionately devoted. Balbirnie said Councillor Maclagan was the only honest man on the Town Council; unfortunately—or perhaps by corollary—he was also the stupidest. She said:

"It's no' for Sim and his Committee to say. It's for the Council."

Maclagan, slowly filling his pipe, sighed wearily.

"The Roads Committee is t' recommend Throughroads Limited. The Council will nivver go against them. . . . No, Nelly, I've lost it."

Mrs. Maclagan's thin brown fingers drummed on the table.

"That *Sim!* . . . Does that mean there's no seaside holiday for us this year?"

Maclagan lit his pipe. "I doubt it means jist that, Nelly. I'm real sorry."

"Bobbie was that lookin' forward to it."

"I know."

"He's *needin'* it, Dave. He's not been that well. This heat——"

"I know fine. *Ye're* needin' it. But I jist canna do it. There's no business the now."

Mrs. Maclagan blazed. "What's Mister Sim gettin' from—what is it?—Throughroads Limited? I'll bet ye——"

Maclagan was shocked. "Na, na, Nelly; ye mustn't say that."

"Aye, but I *will* say it. And what's Mister Sim t' get from the Cinema folk if his grand Recreation Centre goes through? Tell me that? But it'll no' go through, thank God. Goudie'll have him there. Aye will he!"

Maclagan said, really perturbed, the honest idiot, "Ye shudna say such things, woman." But his woman was rapt in hate.

"An' that screechin' wife o' his. Ye shud ha' heard her at the Welfare meeting. 'Now, ladies, I think we're all ag-heed that this is a veh-hy wochthy object, a *veh-hey* wochthy'——"

Maclagan suddenly guffawed. "Dod, Nelly, ye're a caution. Dod, yon was real good. Yon was real like her."

Over the shrieking Mrs. Sim, who couldn't say her "r's," they escaped at last into laughter.

Tuesday

ON the Tuesday morning it was given out that Provost Goudie had influenza. Senior Bailie Sim heard it from a customer before ten o'clock. At a quarter to eleven he went into his little office behind the rows of ladies' cotton dresses and cheap underwear and rang up his lieutenant Dean of Guild Fiddes. Fiddes was a lawyer—rather a struggling one; he was a long, lean dark-faced Mephistopheles, prematurely bald, with debts and an extravagant wife. He picked up his telephone.

"Fiddes."

"Sim. . . . See here, Charlie, the Provost has the flu."

There was a little silence. Then—"The flu, eh?"

"They're callin' it the flu. I met Doctor Neill a wee whilie ago. I—I—well, I made a point o' meetin' him. I says, 'But ye'll get him t' the meetin' Friday, Doctor, surely ye'll do that?' 'The Provost'll go to no meetin' on Friday,' he says, 'if *I* can help it. He's in his bed,' he says, 'an' he's as weak as watter.' . . . Well, Charlie?"

Fiddes perceived the implications.

"If he doesn't come, Bailie, it's fifty-fifty."

"Aye. But me in the chair. Me wi' the castin' vote. . . . *If* the Provost isna there."

Fiddes had a quick brain; he followed. "But *you* think he will be."

Sim repeated his remark, which had pleased him, about walking, crawling, being carried in a chair. Fiddes said slowly:

"What's in your mind, Bailie?"

"Nothing. Nothing. I'm jist telling ye. . . . But if I'm in the chair like, I'll have the castin' vote."

"But—but if Goudie turns up, you'll not be in the chair."

"If it's a *long* meetin', Charlie, Goudie might tire like. Him bein' ill an' all. He might have to go. Then I take over."

There was another little silence; then Fiddes said, "I s-see."

Thursday

PROVOST ADAM GOUDIE lay in his bed looking more like a lizard with a walrus moustache than ever. His heavy eyelids fell over his yellow pugnacious eyes; his cheeks, covered now with a grey stubble, puffed in and out a little. Doctor Neill sat on a chair by his side.

"It's no good, Goudie. You'll go to no meeting to-morrow."

The thick lips moved. "I *must* go."

"I say—no! If you go, you'll come home in the ambulance. I'm not going to say that you won't come home dead. You had a bad shake on Sunday. You've got to rest that heart. *Rest* it."

Mrs. Goudie, fat and comfortable at the other side of the bed, said:

"Ye see, Adam."

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The society in Rome was dull—though not too dull to fill Charles with insane jealousy of other men who showed the least reaction to his young wife's charms

A Bride for Prince Charlie

The Tragic Story Of The Unhappy Marriage Between Prince Charles Edward And The Young And Beautiful Canoness Louise Von Stolberg

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

NEWS of impending nuptials is a prodigious event in a cloister. How hearts must have fluttered in the rich, peaceful Abbey of Sainte Wandru, Mons, when it was announced that Canoness Louise von Stolberg would marry Bonnie Prince Charlie, Count of Albany! And the gentle Louise herself . . . did *her* heart flutter? Did she picture him still as the gallant Young Pretender of the '45 who held kingly court in Edinburgh, thrashed Cope's forces at Prestonpans, and with the Highland clansmen led bonnets over the Border? The unhappy fugitive who fled from Uist to Skye disguised as Flora Macdonald's maidservant? Or did she have doubts, forebodings, about a marriage arranged for her because astute statesmen in France hoped to ensure the Stuart succession as a weapon against England?

She was nineteen and of noble German birth; lovely, intelligent, vivacious, with dark-brown eyes, dainty, tilted nose, fair complexion, radiant, blonde hair. He, the fretful pensioner of Avignon, was fifty-one, and "Bonnie" only in legend, a ghost of his former self, with red, bloated face, sullen purple lips, watery, pale-blue eyes, the heavy, listless air of a man who had staked everything on a great gamble, lost, lapsed into limbo, and had hardly a forlorn hope of a comeback. He might still call himself King of England and wear the Ribbon of the Garter over his rich silks. No one really cared. His one consolation was the bottle, anodyne and narcotic for brave schemes long gone awry. He had no need of an April flower; he was already wedded to the tendrilled vine.

THEY married in the old Italian town of Macerata in the Ancona country bordering the Adriatic, on Good Friday, 1772; and something of the girl's own youth and his own shone from him that glad spring day. A wedding in Italy is always a *fiesta*. How could he fail to be enchanted with such an April bride? They settled in Rome, in a palace on the Square of the Sacred Apostles. He tried to be a good husband and keep off the bottle, but the society was dull—though not too dull to fill him with insane jealousy of other men who showed the least reaction to his young wife's charms, especially at the theatre and fashionable balls.

Charles, conscious of his years, watched her like a hawk. Wherever she went he must go too. If he had to go out alone she would be left guarded, or locked in her room, which could be entered only through his. "Cannot you trust me?" she would ask pathetically. He would mumble something about the temptations to a young wife in a city like Rome, where it was taken for granted that a married woman had a *cicisbeo* or *cavaliere servente*, an admirer and escort who conformed to certain rules of etiquette—if he did not break them. He also wanted to be sure that the succession would be above suspicion, with no taint of illegitimacy, as in the case of his daughter, Charlotte Walkinshaw. . . .

Under the stress of this jealous obsession he reverted to his old drunken habits. At first Louise pleaded with him: "Must you drink so much? Is it good for you?" Then she gave it up. She realised, as so many have to their cost, that the one thing you must never suggest to a morbid drunkard is that he overdrinks. He will be shocked, outraged—and drink all the more to assuage his injured feelings.

THE little Canoness of Sainte Wandru took refuge in culture. She ran a *salon* for artists, poets, intellectuals, and read furiously. *How* she read! Not just for recreation. She drew up courses of

study, made copious notes, summarised, contrasted, compared. If she hadn't been so amusingly attractive she would have become the bluest of blue-stockings, a highbrow freak. As it was, the Roman dames tittered and nudged each other about her *books*. What on earth did such a charming young wife want with *books*? Weren't there gallant young men eager to teach her with more than words, on moonlit nights in secret gardens where the nightingale sang and, from far off, sounded the *strum* of guitars?

IN 1774 they moved to the Palazzo Guadagni, Florence, and here her marriage touched the depths of disillusionment, for Charles's drunken habits became a public scandal. He was drunk in his box at the opera; often servants had to carry him, helpless, to his carriage and put him to bed. There were even more sordid scenes when he would rage and abuse her foully and strike at her in an uncontrollable frenzy.

History has no more tragic picture than this of the romantic young prince, idol of thousands ready to die for him and his cause, grown dissolute and besotted in middle age, a wreck and parody of the leader whose name was a pibroch to summon the gathering of the clans, whose face was a cherished image in every Jacobite home. And the irony is that the one who had to suffer the brunt of this shame was the cloister-nurtured girl nearest to him at the time. No hope, now, of a child to perpetuate and perhaps redeem the Stuart blood. No hope even of a reasonably happy married life. Only frustration and despair in one of the most beautiful cities in the world, the city of Dante and Beatrice.

LOUISE bore it all with exemplary patience until Vittorio Alfieri came into her life. A tall, handsome young officer and intrepid horseman, he was also a revolutionary poet, aristocrat, and man-about-town well versed in the etiquette of gallantry and art of love. Headstrong, excitable, impulsive, as spirited as the horses he tamed, he was a man to turn any young woman's head and heart, for he rode life with a loose rein. But never until he met Louise, he said, was he really in love. She was the woman he had been seeking. Unlike the others he had known, she did not impede his quest for literary fame or hinder high thinking, she inspired him to work nobly. He found her such a rare treasure among women that he became completely devoted to her. In Florence he was Dante to her Beatrice, a re-embodiment of the ideal chivalry of love.

"Come with me," he begged. "Leave this life that degrades you. You were meant to be happy, not sad. You are the anchor of my life. It is nothing without you!"

To her Alfieri was everything she had dreamed before dreams were shattered by an unhappy experience, but she was not running away, nor was she having any underhand *liaison*, and the Catholic Church ruled out any possibility of divorce and re-marriage. All the time Charles was haunting her shadow—watchful, wary, suspicious, most of all so when he was choleric in his cups. For two, three years the platonic friendship continued, though it was difficult for them to be together even for brief intervals. It was a time of torture for the young lovers who meant so much to each other and shared such close intellectual interests.

Then, in 1780, the inevitable happened. After a bout of drinking, Charles wakened her in the night, hurled insults at her, beat her, assaulted her, finally tried to strangle her. He was as crazed with hate and jealousy as any Borgia. The servants, hearing her screams, rushed in and saved her life by dragging him away.

Under the stress of his jealous obsession he reverted to his drunken habits. At first Louise pleaded with him: "Must you drink so much? Is it good for you?" Then she gave it up

Alfieri found Louise such a rare treasure among women that he became completely devoted to her. "Come with me," he begged, "leave this life that degrades you. You were meant to be happy, not sad"

THIS was the end. With Alfieri's help and a woman friend's, she planned an escape. With Mme. Orlandini, Louise would drive to a convent, ostensibly to inspect some needlework. Charles, of course, would insist on accompanying them, as usual, but Madame's friend and escort would be waiting at the convent door to hand them out before Charles could do so. . . .

That enabled the two women to run quickly up the steps and inside while the escort was fussing round Charles, helping him out, offering a supporting arm as he could walk only slowly and unsteadily. When the men reached the door it was slammed in their faces. Charles, furious hammered on it in vain. "Some mistake. I think," said the escort. "They will soon discover that it is!" roared Charles, "They will be compelled to open!" The only response he got was from the Abbess, who peered through a grille.

"You may not enter," she said tartly. "Your wife has sought asylum in the Abbey, and she is under the Grand Duke's protection."

THAT was the last he saw of her. The little Canoness of Sainte Wandu had returned to the peace of the cloister; in so short a time her troubled life had come full circle. Later she met her lover in Rome. Then, when Charles had been induced at last to agree to a formal separation, she was reunited with her dear Alfieri, in daily contact.

When she heard of Charles Edward's death in 1788, she was deeply touched. "What a cruel thing it is," she had written some years earlier, "to look for one's happiness from another's death. Oh, God, how it taints the soul! Yet I cannot help wishing it." She was still wedded to a ghost. The loved Alfieri she never married.

[END.]

After a bout of drinking, Charles wakened Louise in the night, beat her, assaulted her, and finally tried to strangle her. The servants, hearing her screams, rushed in and saved her life by dragging him away

Nature Article

Animal Methuselahs

By Frank Lane

"HOW long do parrots live?" "Is it true that elephants live to 200 years?" "Which is the oldest animal in the zoo?" These, and a multitude of other questions about animal longevity, are constantly being asked of zoos and museums throughout the world.

Accurate information on the subject has not been available until comparatively recent years. This is because the only way of obtaining reliable figures for a wide variety of species is scrutiny of the records kept by zoological gardens. And such institutions, complete with accurately kept records, date only from the nineteenth century. For the longer-lived animals, therefore, it has been necessary to wait until this century for properly attested birth and death certificates.

African elephants photographed in their natural environment. One of the most persistent illusions about animals' ages is that elephants frequently live to between one and two hundred years, but there is no adequate evidence of any elephant reaching the age of seventy

A young domestic cat enjoying the spring sunshine. These animals are known to live up to twenty years

The extensive records now available form an interesting study, and incidentally dispel a number of widely held illusions about animal ages. One of the most persistent of these is that elephants frequently live to between one and two hundred years. Thus it has been asserted that the male Asiatic elephant called Siam in the Budapest Zoological Gardens was once owned by Napoleon and lived to be at least 150 years old. Actually this particular elephant was sent to Budapest in 1900 when it was about eight years old and so, if it has managed to survive the war, it is still not sixty years old.

Again it has frequently been said that Jumbo carried "generations of children" about the London Zoological Gardens. From this statement it is assumed that Jumbo must have been at least a centenarian when he eventually died. The truth is that the original Jumbo was accidentally killed when he was about twenty-four years old, but because various elephants in different zoos throughout the world have been named after him, people assumed whenever they saw the name Jumbo that it was the same elephant still carrying "generations of children!"

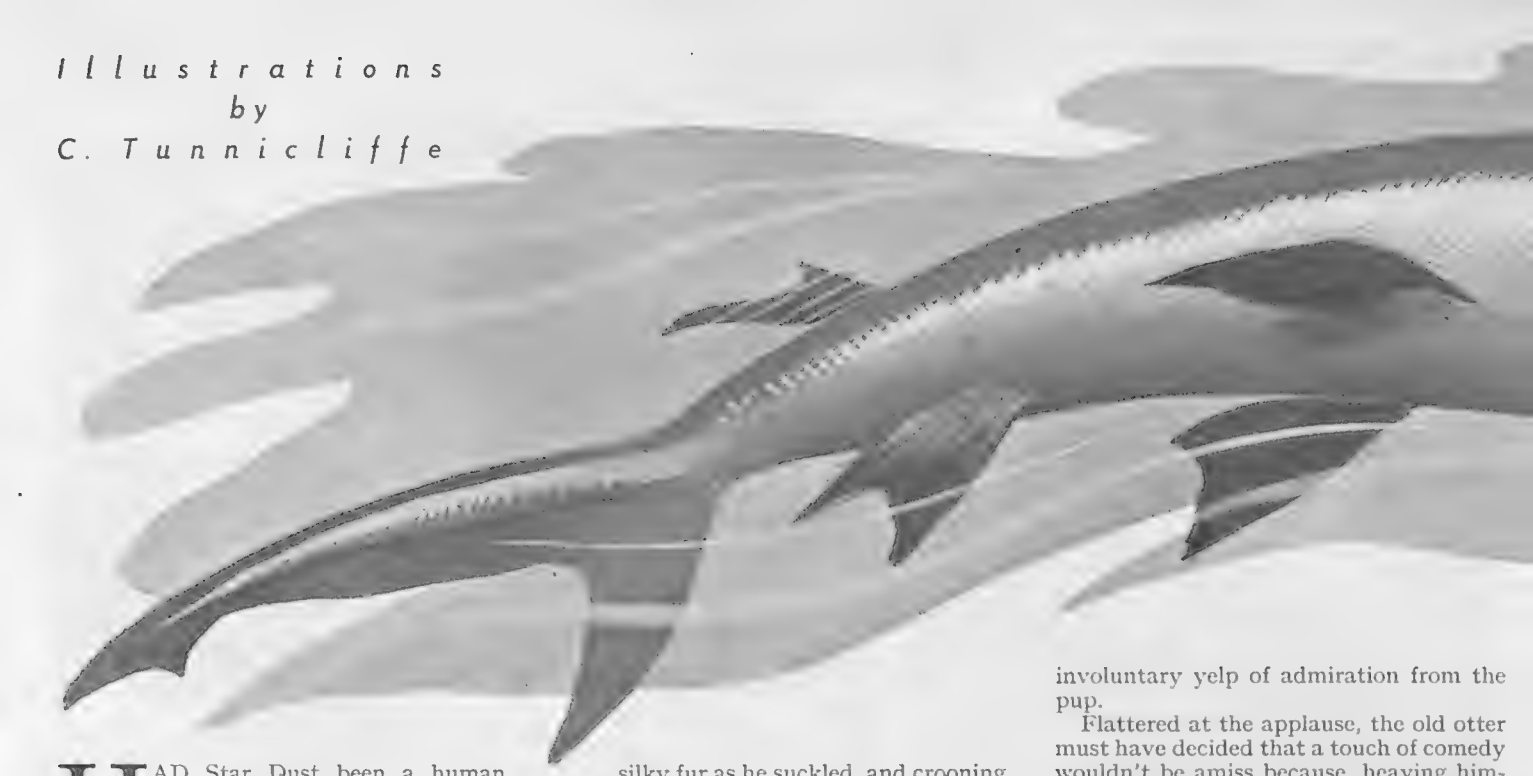
The late Major Stanley Flower, who devoted many years to collecting information on the longevity of animals, considered that there was no adequate evidence of any elephant reaching seventy years. It is possible, of course, that some elephants of which records are lacking may have topped the century but it is unlikely. Such a statement is supported by the statistics of the Bombay-Burmah Trading Company. Of their 17,000 elephants only about nine per cent live to between fifty-five and sixty-five and less than two per cent live beyond sixty-five years.

A pair of Californian condors. There are records of a condor living to the age of fifty-two

The rhinoceros is known to live up to forty years. The three shown in the above picture were photographed at the Cairo Zoo

It is sometimes (*Continued on page 64*)

Illustrations by C. Tunnicliffe



Star Dust

The Adventures Of A Sea Otter

By

William Macmillan

HAD Star Dust been a human baby instead of a sea otter pup, his birth would probably have been heralded by the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon, for he was a true princeling, born to the purple and descended from a long line of maritime bluebloods.

The newcomer, for all his royal lineage, wasn't really mush to look at and couldn't possibly have won a prize at a beauty show. Scarcely more than fifteen inches in length, he had a pug-ugly face, a ridiculously inadequate snout, and the flimsiest apology for a tail. His five-fingered forepaws were small, and his hind ones, webbed between the toes like a duck's, disproportionately large. What little fur he had on his head was a dirty white, and the rest of his fat little body was covered with a loosely fitting grey-brown coat faintly sprinkled with white hairs. Surprisingly enough, his eyes were wide open, as they had been from birth, and he had all thirty-two of his round, blunt teeth.

It might be well to digress at this point for a moment and draw a brief sketch of the newcomer's stormy background.

Sea otters have probably lived in the smoky northern seas for many thousands of years, but they were first brought to the attention of the world in the seventeenth century by the audacious Captain Vitrus Behring, discoverer of the frigid sea that now bears his name. Fascinated by the glamorous pelts worn by the shipwrecked sailors, the Chinese literally bought the skins off their backs, and promptly launched a series of massacres that, by 1840, had reduced the numbers of the magnificent animals to a mere handful.

Blissfully ignorant of this unhappy past, and clearly not very much impressed by what he could see of the world from between his mother's forepaws as she lay on her broad back in the slimy stalks, Star Dust snuggled closer to her full breast and concentrated on appeasing the hunger that seems to dog the lives of his kind.

The old lady was a good and affectionate mother. Sprawling in the gently heaving kelp, she spent endless hours licking his silky fur as he suckled, and crooning age-old soothing lullabies into his diminutive ears.

From time to time, she would tighten her forepaws about his body and, diving to the bottom, refuel her vibrant body with clams, crabs and shellfish. On such occasions, she would even, if the fancy seized her, swim down a fish, and effect its capture, without the slightest difficulty.

Up to now, Star Dust hadn't seen hair or hide of his father. And he was quite a few weeks old before he caught his first glimpse of the paternal side of his family. Comfortably esconsed on his mother's breast one sunny day, he was purring contentedly under her ardent nuzzling when the spongy stems were thrust violently aside, and the dog otter that had sired him, a magnificent beast some five feet in length and weighing well over 100 pounds, shot into sight.

His fabulous fur glinting like silver in the strong sunlight, the visitor eyed Star Dust for a long moment then, clearly pleased with what he saw, he surged clear of the cluttered weeds and put on a complete, one-ring circus performance for his heir's personal entertainment.

After that, he began cutting figures of eight at a speed that fairly made Star Dust's little head reel. Tiring of that, he next went into a barrel-roll that churned the water to foam and brought an involuntary yelp of admiration from the pup.

Flattered at the applause, the old otter must have decided that a touch of comedy wouldn't be amiss because, heaving himself upright in the water, he had clapped one forepaw, sailor fashion, to his eyes in the comical way sea otters do the oceans over when an ominous gleam in his hitherto quiescent mate's eye warned him that he had overstayed his welcome. Slithering hurriedly into the water, he disappeared into the transluscent depths with a spectacular flirt of his twelve-inch tail.

It would be nice to say that, fired by his exotic father's example, Star Dust broke away from his mother's apron strings shortly after that and mastered the mysteries of the sea in half a dozen or so easy lessons.

As a matter of fact, he did nothing of the kind. Like all sea otter babies before him, he was quite content to snuggle on his mother's breast, week after week, and just eat and sleep, or watch her through hazy eyes as she tossed kelp bulbs from paw to paw with the practised ease of a professional juggler.

Though time was of no essence whatever to the otter pup, it was of supreme importance to his prescient parent. Well versed in the predatory habits of the creatures forever lurking outside the kelp bed, she came to the reluctant conclusion that it was time for her baby to learn the facts of life, and began by diving suddenly out from under him.

The first time this happened, Star Dust thought it was a mistake and just lay inertly on the surface, pending his mother's return. But as the minutes went by and nothing happened terror clutched his insides, and he began to struggle. Whereupon, the inevitable happened. His nose went under, and he choked and spluttered till rescued, apparently in the nick of time, by the old lady who had, actually, never taken her eyes off him.

Though Star Dust, as could be expected, took a dim view of this seemingly heartless trick, it was right there in the manual and standard procedure in the education and upbringing of sea otter fledglings.

Strange and terrifying experiences followed each other in rapid succession after that. And if Star Dust needed any

STAR DUST made a desperate lunge for the depths, just as the shark went into the sinister roll that fish having his awkwardly shaped mouth must make to bring their battery of teeth into action

further warning that life was getting more and more serious, it came the time he made the mistake of protesting his mother's absence too volubly while she surged to investigate a suspicious looking swirl at the edge of the weeds. Doubling back on her course with a snort of annoyance, the old lady grabbed his loose neck skin in her pebbly teeth and callously ducked him till he yelped for mercy.

The real turning point in his life came, however, when, searching hungrily for the breast that had never failed him, he found himself gagging on globs of soft sea food his mother was stuffing into his mouth as a substitute.

Now that he was weaned, Star Dust put aside pupish ways and accumulated knowledge with amazing rapidity. To begin with, he learned to swim, not just any old way, but with the smooth, easy follow through that built up speed with amazing rapidity. Tagging smells and scents was tricky and proved a lot more difficult, but he gradually mastered the art of qualifying the scents that sifted through his finely meshed nostrils; enjoying the friendly smells of sea and kelp, and bristling appropriately at the ones wafted from passing ships.

As well armed now, defensively at least, as he ever would be, he next learned to fill his lungs with air and explore the bottoms of the shallow bays.

Star Dust's lungs weren't very large, and for the first few times he couldn't hold his breath under water for more than a minute or two, as compared to his mother's six minutes. Constant practice improved his technique, however, and before very long he was able to remain three, and even four minutes under water without experiencing too much discomfort.

Since the clams that are to be found on the floors of the shallow bays rate high on the sea otter's menu, Star Dust had to learn how to scoop the big bivalves to his chest and reach the surface without losing them. That done, there remained only the difficult trick of throwing himself on his back and cracking the shells by banging them together.

Not being much of a juggler, the otter pup found this to be an exacting job, and his first few attempts got him more bruised paws than food. Persistence was his middle name, however, and, gaining confidence as he went along, he was soon cracking the hard shells with the skill of a veteran.

Star Dust's rapid progress along the road to maturity must have warned his mother that her control over him was weakening fast because her interest in his well being flagged rapidly, and she began preferring the society of the ponderous mate that, in the constant manner of her kind, she had promised, without any mental reservations, to love, honour and obey till death did them part.

TO say that the exuberant young otter heartily approved of this relinquishment of authority on the part of his parent would be putting it mildly. He had been straining at the leash for some time now, and was eager to launch out on his own. Making the most of his mother's absence, he began striking out on mysterious expeditions of his own that took him farther and farther away from his natal kelp bed.

On these occasions, he spent most of the time on the surface, his grey-white head well out of the water. He liked to feel the warm sun on his back and watch the lazy movements of seagulls and skuas as they wheeled and soared in the heavens.

He was happiest though, when masses of dark clouds scudded across the heavens and wind whipped the sea to fury. Stirred to the very depth of his being by the tumult, and revelling in his mastery of the clashing elements, he would roll in the spume till his fur and whiskers were flecked with foam, then dive joyously through the waves.

His blood still pounding from an exhilerating joust with a particularly vicious storm, he returned to familiar waters one day to find the kelp bed, that he had come to think as being indestructible, scattered to the winds, and his

mother nowhere in sight. Only too well aware of the seriousness of the situation, for he had long since learned that no weeds meant no sleep for his kind, he nosed disconsolately through the floating stems for a while then, for no particular reason, set a southeasterly course that soon left the scattered remnants of the kelp bed far behind.

FOR two days and nights Star Dust ploughed through seas barren of life. But on the morning of the third day his supersensitive nostrils picked up the smell of land, and a few minutes later a small, rocky island loomed up out of the mists.

Ordinarily, the otter was suspicious of islands and gave them a wide berth. But this particular one looked so innocent and inviting in its weaving cloak of fog and vapour, he decided to examine it more closely.

Treading water just outside the breakers that fringed the rock-littered shore like a silver necklace he sifted the air perfunctorily through his nostrils, and suddenly stiffened as they caught a faint, but hostile, scent. Concerned only with getting away from the sadly deceiving spot as quickly as possible, he was about to get under way when his questing eyes spotted his mother's familiar form lurching awkwardly up a strip of beach. Convinced, now, that his nose had played him false, he prepared to plane shoreward on the crest of the next breaker. At that moment there was a furtive movement behind a boulder on the beach, and a man in the tattered garb of a native pounced on his mother and clubbed her to death.

Petrified at the suddenness of it all Star Dust lay in the water and watched the detested human bending over his mother's still twitching body. Then, swinging about, he dropped his nose and made for the depths in a frantic effort to blot out the dreadful picture.

While Star Dust, for all his cherished independence, undoubtedly missed the parent that had lavished him with so much affection, his small, unretentive mind didn't retain her image for very long. Things of the past had no place in his scheme of things, and the future beckoned imperiously.

But this time he was fairly close to his peak. Later, he would acquire battle scars, add considerably to his weight, and develop the prescience that comes with age. But right now he was actually one of the sea's most richly endowed creatures. He could scent danger earlier, swim faster, and remain under water longer than almost any other amphibian. In addition, the fur coat that covered his eighty-pound body was something out of this world. Its undercoat was as soft and thick as velvet, and specked so with white hairs it looked, for all the world, as if some exuberant star had, some time or other, swooped down out of its orbit and sprinkled him with magic dust.

Oddly enough, except for a wholly natural desire to keep his skin on his back where it belonged, Star Dust showed no particular pride in his fabulous fur and frequently risked its destruction foraging for clams and crabs till a dreadful experience brought him up short.

Bored by the unvarying emptiness of the sky and sea, he had worked his way down through the layers of green, amber and purple light, one day, and was playing a cat-and-mouse game with a flustered pollack when the water darkened and a long, torpedo-shaped creature appeared out of the shadows and moved silently up beside him.

Now, Star Dust wasn't altogether unfamiliar with sharks, and had long ago learned that he had nothing to fear from the sandpaper-hided fish provided he left them strictly alone and didn't interfere with their ghoulish practices. But the newcomer, as it happened, wasn't just an ordinary shark but a nasty-dispositioned hammerhead, two or three times longer than himself, armed with four rows of slanted, serrated teeth, and plagued by an inquisitive turn of mind.

Fascinated by the stranger's head, a huge rubbery affair set at right angles to his body like the top of a capital T, the otter was staring at it in amazement when he caught a malevolent gleam in the yellow, lidded eyes. Deciding that this was no place to loiter, he folded his forepaws across his chest and got under way without going through any fancy preliminaries.

Unfortunately, nothing in the seven seas can match the jet-like speed of an adult shark once under way. And if Star Dust hadn't had the advantage of that split-second start he would probably have been run down almost at once. As it was, he hadn't covered more than a few yards than the (*Continued on page 66*)

THE old lady was a good and affectionate mother. Sprawling in the gently heaving kelp, she spent endless hours licking his silky fur as he suckled

Down The Bath Road

Some Curiosities And Little-known Features Of This Historic Highway

MAIDENHEAD. This bridge was erected by Robert Taylor, a stonemason's son who rose from penury and left Oxford University £180,000

READING. The memorial in Forbury Gardens erected to the memory of Reading men who fell in the Afghan campaign

THATCHAM. This village in Berks still keeps many of its picturesque thatched roofs. The building at the end of the street was originally a fourteenth-century chantry chapel

SILBURY HILL. This pre-historic artificial mound was raised some thousands of years ago. The Roman road winds its way to avoid it

MARLBOROUGH SCHOOL. The modern building spanning the main London-Bath road. Built on the site of an ancient castle

BATH. Pulteney Bridge which still retains its houses and shops. Designed by Robert Adam and built in 1770 it takes us back into the days of Nash; scheduled as a National Monument

HUNGERFORD. A turnpike toll house of four battlemented towers between Newbury and Hungerford

OF the six great roads of England, that from London to Bath has perhaps the most literary and elegant associations. In the eighteenth century, when Beau Nash was "King of Bath," society travelled this road with their real or imaginary ailments, to take "the waters." Bath became the most fashionable spa in the country in the days of powder and patches, gorgeous waistcoats and silken hose.

The Bath road actually begins in the Strand, although its 104¼ miles are calculated from Hyde Park Corner. Receiving the road number A4 in the 1920s, this designation now continues onwards to Bristol and finishes at Avonmouth Docks. Illustrated above are some of the curiosities and little-known features of the road to Bath as it runs through six counties, on a leisurely journey to Aqua Sulis.

If

THEY clung together too closely for seeing, and when they drew back to look upon each other they saw through a golden mist with rose-coloured edges

Illustrations by Frank Lea

CAROLINE stood in her parents' drawing-room looking out upon Berkeley Square. She told herself that no nightingales sang there. She told herself that she was a poor little rich girl. Also she told herself that she was a silly, ungrateful, theatrical little dope; but this didn't help either.

"Gerald," she sighed, "I know I'm behaving badly. I can't pretend I'd prefer you to disappear. But that's up to you; you *should* disappear. Because I can't say yes, so I must say no."

Gerald, a stocky, snub-nosed young man with freckles, short fair lashes and a lively grin, sat solidly upon the sofa as though disappearance were not a talent of his.

"I guess I'll stick around a bit longer," he said.

"But it all gets so intolerable. *Both* our families pressing us to marry. After all, I am very young."

"Besides being very young for your age," suggested Gerald, not quite sympathetically.

"You're right, of course. I don't seem to grow up much. But it isn't all my own fault. I went straight from boarding school into the Waaf, and that—well, it was serious and hard-working and responsible and fun too, it *mattered*; but in a way it was like a different kind of boarding school! And I hadn't been long demobbed before they made that mucker with my appendix, and I *couldn't* get to feeling fit again. And when I did, I met you."

"Was that so bad?"

"No—yes—it was too soon. I've been in a whirl with you ever since. There hasn't been much chance to find what I'm looking for."

"Well, but if you're looking for something unreal?"

She came back and sat beside him again on the sofa, looking distractingly pretty and rather desperate.

"But, Gerald, some people do find it. Why not I?"

"Prince Charming on a white horse? He might be a very tiresome young man."

"Why should he be?"

"Look here," cried Gerald abruptly, "you haven't still got a crush on that Squadron Leader What's-his-name?"

Caroline looked vexed, and, almost, a little frightened.

"Of course not! Oh, I wish I'd never mentioned him! How could I mind about that? I didn't know him. I don't suppose he ever recognized me. I never got out of the ranks; I—I wasn't officer material. He was a sort of joke because he was so ridiculously handsome, so romantic and gallant looking, one could hardly believe he'd really round it off by getting a D.F.C.

He Is My Love

A Prince Charming Could Be A Very Tiresome Person For A Husband

By Theodora Benson

and bar. We used to call him the Film Star and pretend the sight of him gave us palpitations. He never took any notice of any of us; and it's so long ago. It's nonsense, it's really too bad to tease me about him."

She protested too much, thought Gerald. At the same time, she believed what she said, and he believed it too. It was just that the tall, dark, handsome Squadron Leader was a symbol of Romance with a very big R; he would have seemed at home on Prince Charming's white horse. Gerald felt a pang of sympathy for her; she was young as well as young for her age, and it was rather dreary to have both the families pressing her to make this suitably eligible match.

"Darling," he said, "I know I don't bore you and I know I don't get on your nerves. So is it something—well, something that it's almost impossible to tell anyone? Come clean; you needn't spare the wolf's vanity."

"Oh, *no*!" cried Caroline, and kissed him warmly, because it was only fair to clear up that point.

"And no one makes you laugh more," he coaxed, "and we can talk, too, and tell each other things, and you're gay and complete and at home with me. We ought to set up house and push along with it."

"Oh, sweet Gerald, but can't you understand? I'm not in love."

"I think *our* kind of love's the kind for *us*. What *is* this in-loveness you're hankering for?"

"There you see, my poor pet. You're not in love with me. For you don't know what it means."

At this he spoke irritably.

"I don't see you through a gold mist with rose-coloured edges. But I'd like to see your perfectly distinct face every day at breakfast and pay your bills for the rest of my natural life."

"Oh, *dear*!" said Caroline.

"Be seeing you," said Gerald.

THE mention of Squadron Leader Phillips had made her think of Mariette, her best friend in the Waaf and still her friend though their ways lay somewhat apart. Mariette was a few years older than she and infinitely more sophisticated, and in due course she had proved to be officer material. Now, at one of London's greatest couturier's, she was displaying expensive and exquisite clothes to women. Caroline hurried round, for it was near closing time. She had only ten minutes to wait before she could take her confidante to a late tea.

"Oh, Mariette, it's all so dreadful. Gerald took the afternoon off, and. . . ."

Her voice trailed away. Mariette laughed and said:

"Well, I don't suppose he'll get the sack for that, dear. It's his father's shipping firm!"

"No, but—listen—I want to ask you—do you believe in—well—er—love?"

"I think you need to *fancy* a man a bit. It's got to be all right—excuse my French—day *and* night. I believe in fun and sex and common sense and affection, and having a real good opinion of each other and some of the same tastes and plans. What more do you want?"

"Want? Don't you remember that film where whenever they met they heard magic bells ringing?"

"Church? Or the old electricity?"

"No, no. Nightingales. Ecstasy. Roses. The experience that's too important to miss. That I daren't shut the door on."

Mariette ate an éclair and considered the problem.

"Do I believe in love?" she said. "The sort of flames and despair and rapture that you mean? Yes, I do; just as I believe in comets; they're both worth losing sleep for, but they're very rare. Rising to wild romance is quite special, like street fiddler to maestro or chorus girl to star on Broadway. It's the exception. It isn't everybody's gift. Look, babe, waiting for imaginary love is like missing a bus on the chance of thumbing a lift on a fire engine. The bus gets you there, honey, if it's got the right number. And it's far more comfortable."

"You mean I probably haven't the gift for any rare and special emotional experience," complained Caroline, rather offended, as though it were humiliating not to be quite exceptional. "What a cynic *you* are!" she added.

"Because I think comets splendid but uncommon, and not strictly necessary? What a baby you are!"

"I daresay. But somewhere there must exist other people like—like—well, for instance like——"

"Squadron Leader Phillips?" cried Mariette with incredulous intuition. "A lot of use he'd be, good luck to him. Not only has he vanished into the infinite, he's the perfect picture of Not A Marrying Man!"

THERE was clearly no support to be had from Mariette. So Caroline went down to the Lighthouse Hotel in Cornwall to be alone. She was really worried at keeping Gerald dangling, and she couldn't think in peace with both families hinting and hoping. Yet she'd got to think. For what should the young marry but love; love infallibly recognized, without doubts and ifs? Yet what if the issue were only obscured by clouds of her own creation, vague visions without substance that leave not a wrack behind? Perhaps she ought to take the path of least resistance, make everyone happy, do the right, safe, suitable thing.

PHILLIPS looked just as romantically, preposterously beautiful in his civilian clothes. He had come to the Lighthouse Hotel to be with someone who had promised to join him next day. Her telegram had pursued him; a long telegram of impeccable excuse.

"All the same," he told himself bitterly, "she could have managed it somehow if she'd cared."

He dined in solitude and in melancholy. He raised his dark eyes from his coffee and

they lighted on Caroline at a window table. He recognized her though he didn't remember her name, and yet it was as though he'd never seen her before. He was filled with an emotion of great poignancy, as when in the midst of thoughts of death we look on the doomed and budding rose; he longed to protect such youth and beauty from all that time and chance might do. They exchanged a long, still look. And soon they were talking bright commonplaces over brandy. They laughed much at little because they were excited and happy and somehow miserable.

"It's a fine, wild night," he presently said, "and the wind isn't cold. Would your coat be warm enough if we went to watch the sea raging against the rocks?"

"The rocks stand and the sea falls back and yet it eats them away," she said dreamily; this natural fact seemed symbolic of something or other.

They walked over springy turf, sweet with small flowers that were pale in the moonlight; they followed a cliff path; there was just room to walk hand in hand. The waves broke white and passionate against the dramatic shore, and the howling of the wind sounded like triumph. They sat on a ledge carved out for them by some primeval world-convulsion, and the night and the majesty were theirs.

"How lovely!" she cried, looking out across the dark, white-flecked waters.

"How lovely," he echoed, looking at her. "Your strange face, your gorgeous hair . . ." he broke off, as though in wonder.

"This awful stuff?" She tossed her head in nervous protest. "It won't stay tidy; no one can do anything with it."

"What fools," he said, doing something with her hair that did not make for tidiness. Then he said: "Oh, my dear one, what's happening to us?" and he began to kiss her.

They clung together too closely for seeing, and when they drew back to look upon each other they saw through a golden mist with rose-coloured edges. The nightingales and the magic bells sounded through the storm.

"I love you," she said.

"Ah, no," he told her, "it can't be true. But it's like a miracle to hear you say it. Because I do love you."

"Then we love each other. We've got everything."

"But you know nothing about me. Indeed, my sweet, there's a lot I must tell you. Many things we must talk of."

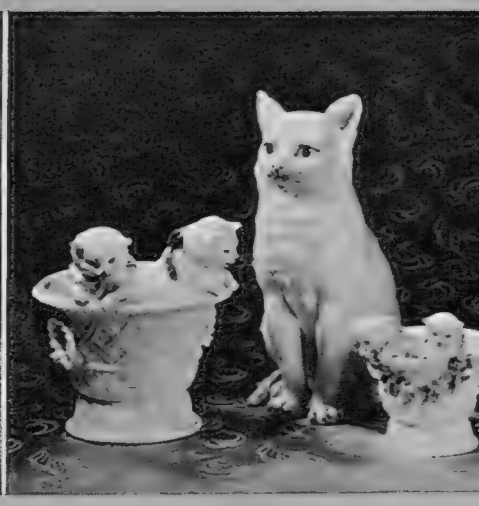
"To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. We've plenty of time. To-night, this is enough."

They kissed again, straining hard together. When she relaxed, he held her very close against him, and very gently. Holding her thus he felt that indeed his arms defended her youth and beauty against all envy of time and change. The theory was untenable, but the vision imposed its peace and chivalry upon them; though perhaps the discomfort of going too far on a rocky ledge had its deterrent uses on this special occasion.

"I wish I could die, now, like this," he said.

They parted outside her bedroom door, with plans for the morrow and with adjurations and promises that she should sleep long in the morning, having so late taken rest. Of course she did not mean a word of that, but having lain for hours awake in the happy darkness she did at last oversleep. Breakfast was over when she got down, but the staff of the Lighthouse Hotel are kind; she was brought some breakfast all the same, and with it came a note: (*Continued on page 70*)

IN another moment he was sweeping up her hair to suggest a shape which he thought would suit her



Domestic Pets

A GENERAL collection of old china is fascinating to the connoisseur, but even the uninitiated find a collection of china animals irresistible since, as so often happens, the inanimate is endowed with that quality which makes most of us sigh over an endearing pet.

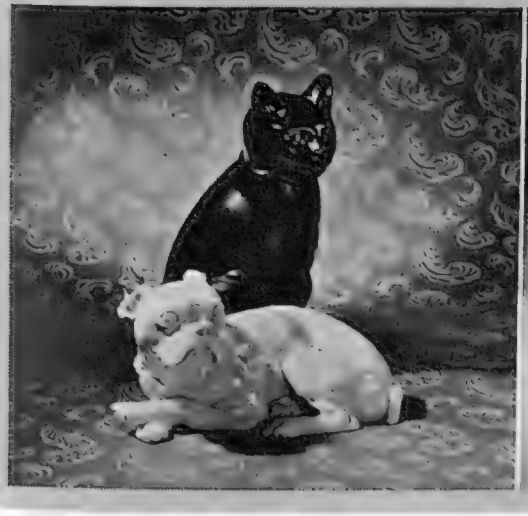
In the great days of the English potter, animal figures were produced in great numbers. In their Victorian heyday the Staffordshire craftsmen made humour the keynote of their productions, and many examples survive of the amusing pets which, though far from costly to-day, may well become the heirlooms of to-morrow.

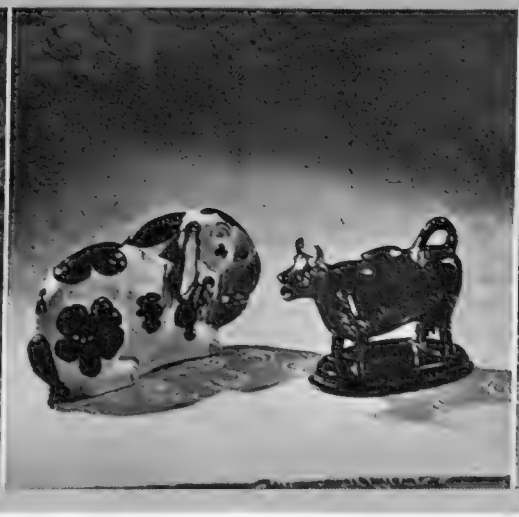
Immense vivacity and lifelike modelling characterised the Dresden figures of which the several groups photographed are outstanding examples. English Victorian porcelain was often modelled on the Continental designs, and there are models to be found by the watchful collector as endearing in character as they are decorative for the home.

From the point of view of cost, an animal collection has promise for the limited pocket. Colourful and amusing pieces can be picked up from around £1, progressing, according to the merit of the subject and its rarity, to £25 and more. For instance, the Dresden cat figures shown at the top of the page, so lifelike and so exquisitely modelled, are in the more exalted class, whereas the lovable pigs, Wemyss china of comparatively modern production, can be picked up at from £3 to £5, according to size.

A specialised collection, if you favour one type of animal, has its personal appeal. A mixed bag is amusing if all animals touch your heart. In either case the "find" of to-day may well become the treasure of to-morrow since, by its fragile nature, old china grows more rare as the years pass.

The Dresden china photographed is from the private collection of Mrs. Nelto Beazley; the Staffordshire cow and calf and the black Jackfield cow milk-jug are from Rowland Ward, of Piccadilly.





Test Your

It is Fun Sometimes to Never Happen. Try These Three Period Appropriate Furniture

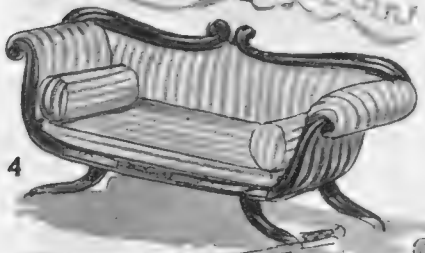
IF you came into possession of a fine period house and it was your good fortune to furnish it in character without concessions to cost, would your knowledge of period furnishing be equal to the task ?

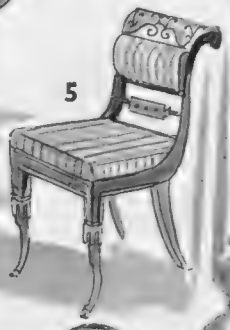
Here are four houses of distinct period character and with them a mixed bag of furniture. How would you dispose the pieces shown between each of them ?

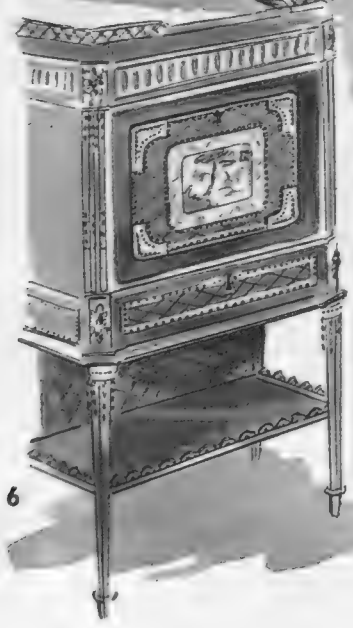
Before reading on to the solution, try your hand at identifying the periods of the houses shown and choose the appropriate furniture for each. Our solution is as follows :—

At the top of the page is a seventeenth-century house (*circa* 1670). The pitched roof and sash windows with frames flush with the brickwork distinguish it from the later Queen Anne period with which it might be confused. The Jacobean pieces, Numbers 8, 15, 14 and 16 are identified with this house.

At the bottom of the left-hand page is an early Georgian house, date about 1830. Chippendale, Heppelwhite and Sheraton pieces are correct for







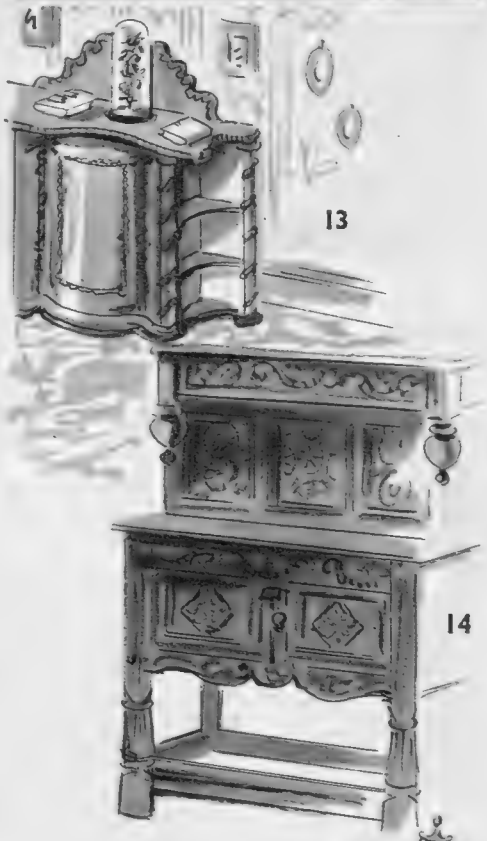
Furnishing Skill

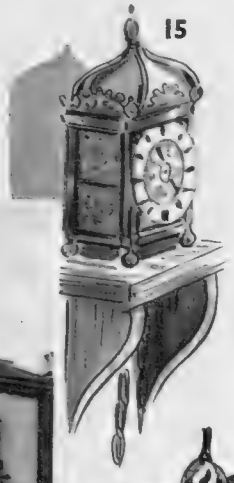
Anticipate What May Your Skill at Furnishing Houses With the of the Periods

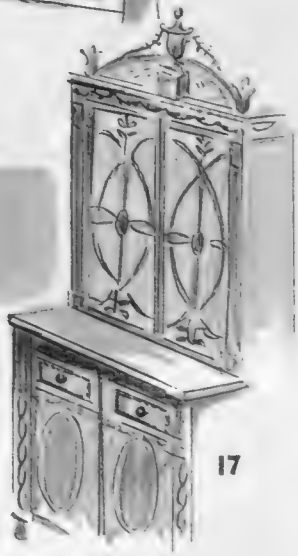
this example, and include Numbers 1, 7, 9, 11, 12 and 17 in our illustrations.

A TYPICAL Regency house (1811-1820) with canopy and wrought-iron balcony is pictured on the right above. The furniture of this period is closely identified with the French Empire. The sofa and chair, Numbers 4 and 5, are typical of the English furniture of the time, so also is the French Empire commode, Number 6, with its elaborate inlay of satinwood. The gilded wall bracket, Number 10, typifies the delicate and elegant detail, with which the Regency room was so much enriched.

Finally, an early Victorian house at the foot of this page. The former Georgian simplicity here assumes a further elaboration and an ornateness which is fully typified in the furniture of the period exemplified in the high-backed armchair with braid and fringe trimming, Number 2 ; the papier-maché table, Number 3 ; and the ornate, serpentine fronted chiffonier, Number 13, as well as the flowers under glass and the needlework stool at the top of the left-hand page.







To Match Your Spring Suit

MATERIALS : 7 ozs. of James Templeton's 3-ply "Ayrbeam" Super Scotch Fingering ; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 9 buttons.
MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins. ; all round underarms, 35 ins. ; underarm of sleeve seam, 6 ins.
TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Rib 4 ins. k. 1, p. 1. On the last row of ribbing inc. 1 st. in every 5 sts. (120 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles. Divide sts. for the front opening. Slip the first 60 sts. on to a spare needle. Work to the next 60 sts. for the right front as follows :

1st row.—Rib the first 10 sts. in k. 1, p. 1. Work the next 21 sts. as follows : k. 1, * m. 1, p. 2 tog., k. 2, p. 1. Repeat from * to the 21st st., k. 1. Knit the remaining 29 sts.

2nd row.—Purl the first 29 sts. Work the next 21 sts. as follows : p. 1, * m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., p. 2, k. 1. Repeat from * to the last st., p. 1. Rib the remaining 10 sts. in k. 1, p. 1.

Continue working these 2 rows, making first buttonhole in ribbed border after working ½ in. Work buttonhole : (beg. at the ribbed border) rib 3, cast off 4, rib 3, work to end of row. Next row : work back to the ribbed border. Rib 3, cast on 4, rib 3. Continue in pattern, making buttonholes in ribbed border 2 ins. apart, when work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole-end rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every armhole-end row until 48 sts. remain. Continue on these 48 sts. for 5 ins., (*Continued on page* 62.

ABBREVIATIONS : *K.* = *knit* ; *p.* = *purl* ; *sts.* = *stitches* ; *st.* = *stitch* ; *dec.* = *decrease* ; *inc.* = *increase* ; *tog.* = *together* ; *beg.* = *beginning* ; *m.* = *make* ; *p.s.s.o.* = *pass slip stitch over* ; *sl.* = *slip.*

Striped In Grey And Yellow

MATERIALS : 6 ozs. of George Lee's Target, 3-ply "Campanula" in main shade ; 2 ozs. in contrast ; 1 pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles ; 13 buttons.
MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 22 ins. ; sleeve seam (underarm), 17½ ins. ; to fit a 34-ins. bust measurement.
TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.
Note.—Change shades for the back and *Left* front with a knit row. Right with a purl row.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles and yellow wool cast on 121 sts. Work in Classic rib as follows :

* k. 2, p. 2. Repeat from * ending p. 3. This one row forms pattern. Work for 5 ins. Change to grey wool. Work 6 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 111 sts. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 121 sts. again. Continue until work measures 15 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 91 sts. remain. Work for 7 ins. on these 91 sts.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 armhole-end rows. Cast off remaining sts. for the back of neck.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles and yellow wool cast on 69 sts. Work in Classic rib, *but* keep 10 sts. at the front edge in k. 1, p. 1 for (*Continued on page* 62)

Spring Ahead

Top : Featherweight Angora to wear over suits and dresses. Hip-length, soft as down, and warm. In canary yellow and pastel colours by Windsmoor. Left, below : The Empire line in fine corded wool. In pale blue, with a black taffeta tie bow at the neck. Young Style model. Centre, left to right : Windsmoor's utility coat in smooth wool with a fitted waist and parachute skirt. A swing-back swagger in corded wool, Rensor Utility, and another Utility coat by Crayson in off-white smooth-faced wool with back fullness controlled by a belt.

Details of where these coats can be bought in London will be sent on receipt of a stamped envelope to the Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Moving Incidents

If You are Lucky Enough to have Found a House, Moving need not be Painful if the Campaign is Planned like a Military Operation

UNDERCOVERING

Laying floor coverings can be one of the most arduous tasks of the move, but the right way with the right tools lightens the job considerably.

If there is lino to be laid, a special lino knife with a hooked blade and thumb-rest is indispensable. In laying new linoleum, cut the pieces to the required size, place them in position and leave to stretch for two or three days, before finally trimming and tacking in place. When there is a pattern to match, slide one piece an inch or so under the first until the position is determined and then trim off the margin so that the edges just meet. Measure angles of corners with a foot-rule. This should be fully opened and then held so that the hinge fits right into the angle and the halves of the rule lie parallel to the wainscoting. Transfer the rule to the linoleum and trace the angle with a pencil.

Underfelts will give longer life and a more luxurious tread to the stair-carpet, as well as carpet squares. A good temporary substitute for stair-underfelting is corrugated paper. Each length should be cut a little narrower than the carpet and equal in length to the tread, plus half the height of the riser. Secure with drawing-pins, making the roll curve nicely over the front of the treads.

The life of carpet squares can be prolonged by re-laying so as to distribute the wear and tear evenly. Heaviest wear falls between the door and hearth, so that re-laying a different way will distribute wear evenly.

Paper should always be laid beneath an underfelt. In old houses especially, accumulations of dust and soot in the cracks between the floorboards will leave marks on underfelt and carpet that cannot be successfully removed.

Moving day seldom sees a room looking like this, but if carpets and curtains are cleaned and put in place before The Day and books arranged, "settling-in" is appreciably shortened.

Kitchens tend to become Headquarters of Clutter, but as the point from which other operations spring, give the kitchen first priority in the rescue work from confusion.

Curtains throughout the house should be hung before the move, more especially in the bedrooms. Make assembling beds a first task. A measure of comfort in the bedroom makes the end of moving day seem less like the " hopeless dawn."

MOVING day is the time above all others to follow the old adage : *think before you act.* You 're the General who plans the campaign, and it is on your staff work that the success of the enterprise depends.

Short cuts to moving comfort include : early arrangements with the gas and electric companies in the district you are leaving and that to which you go.

Arrange the transit of solid fuel, from the old address to the new.

Floor coverings. Get these moved ahead of your furniture. In this case furniture can be carried to the appointed places at the start.

Sketch a plan of the new house and decide where each piece of furniture is to go. Label each article, so that no mistake is possible. A good notion is to use coloured labels and tie corresponding labels on the various doors.

Where windows give you a feeling of living in a glasshouse, a sensible way to avoid making an exhibition and to establish comfort at the start is to get curtains for the principal rooms washed or cleaned and hung at the new windows before moving day.

Another advance-note is your own clothes. Don't leave these to the tender mercies of the removal van. Take them yourself a day ahead, or in the morning before the heavy moving starts, and put them temporarily out of harm's way in a clear cupboard.

Wash china and glass *before* packing : parcel up bedlinen so that items for beds which are in use are easily identifiable.

Pack a small bag with the personal and kitchen things likely to be needed straight away. Include toilet soap, towel, kitchen cloths, soap, mop, scourer, soda and soap flakes.

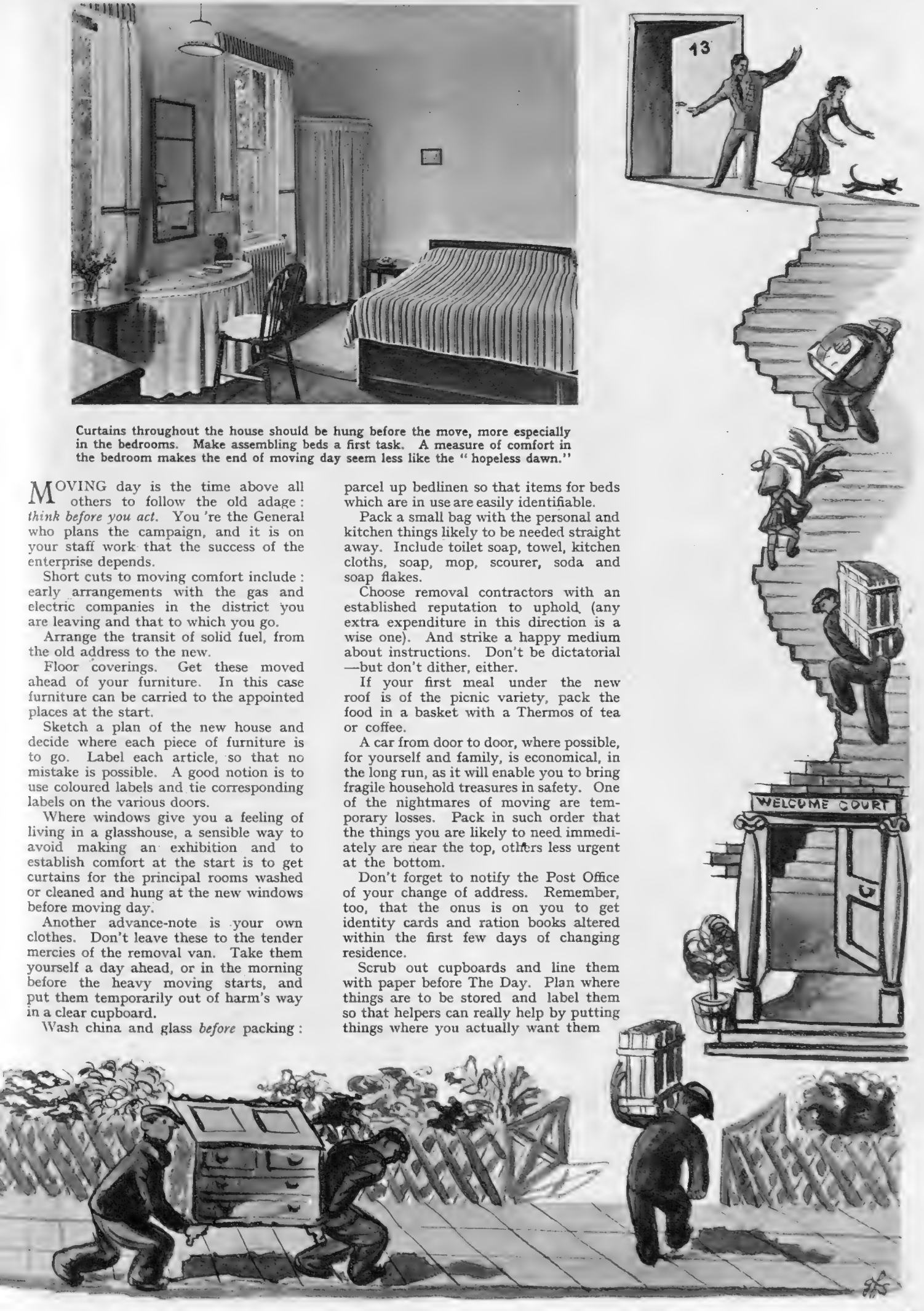
Choose removal contractors with an established reputation to uphold (any extra expenditure in this direction is a wise one). And strike a happy medium about instructions. Don't be dictatorial —but don't dither, either.

If your first meal under the new roof is of the picnic variety, pack the food in a basket with a Thermos of tea or coffee.

A car from door to door, where possible, for yourself and family, is economical, in the long run, as it will enable you to bring fragile household treasures in safety. One of the nightmares of moving are temporary losses. Pack in such order that the things you are likely to need immediately are near the top, others less urgent at the bottom.

Don't forget to notify the Post Office of your change of address. Remember, too, that the onus is on you to get identity cards and ration books altered within the first few days of changing residence.

Scrub out cupboards and line them with paper before The Day. Plan where things are to be stored and label them so that helpers can really help by putting things where you actually want them



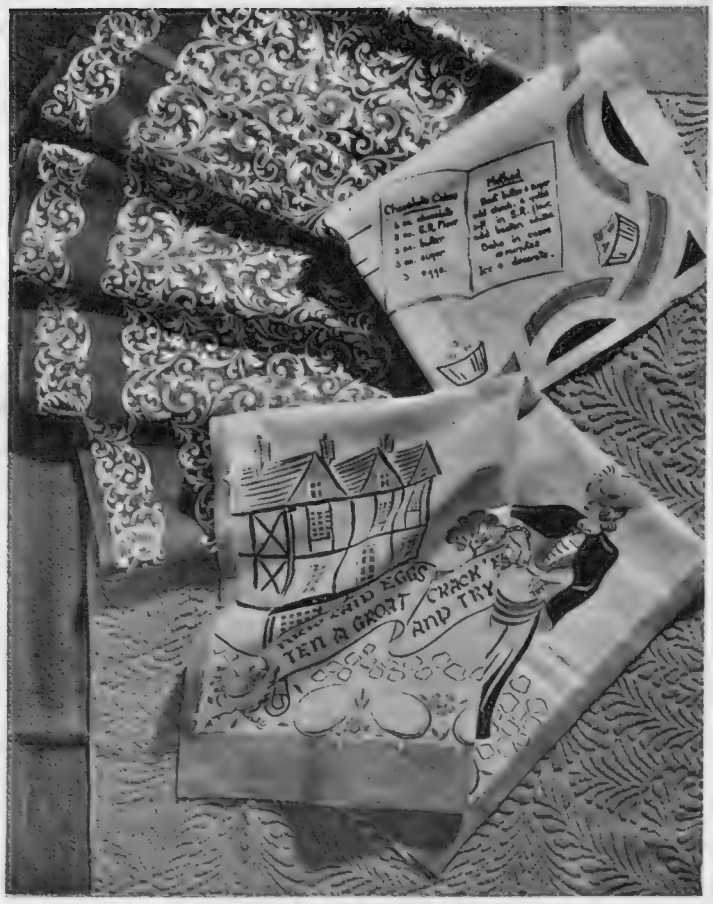
Seen in Passing

Valerie Burke brings more news from the shopping front. If you would like further details of any item mentioned by her, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

TO make up for its long absence, good quality household linen is coming back more colourful and attractive than ever before. Strict functionalism is now wedded to attractive colour and pleasing design, especially in the kitchen. Linen tea-cloths and glass cloths, printed with gay country or kitchen *motifs*, cannot fail to lighten the tedium of washing-up. Linen roller towels, patterned in red, yellow or blue, are just as efficient as the plain ones and much more attractive. The examples photographed are 7s. 3d. and ½ coupon each for the tea cloths and 16s. and 1 coupon each for the roller towels.

THE same stores had a lovely selection of soft, self-coloured jacquard towels, including bath sheets large enough to make bath-time a luxury even in an unheated bathroom. The largest size, 60 ins. by 80 ins., are 75s. 11d. and 2 coupons each, the smaller sheet, 40 ins. by 60 ins., 42s. 6d. and 2 coupons each. Bath towels, 30 ins. by 60 ins., are 29s. 8d. and 1 coupon each, and hand towels to match, 24 ins. by 40 ins., 17s. 9d. and ½ coupon each. Colour comes to the tea-table with hand-embroidered Irish linen table-cloths from 82s. 10d. each, and to the dinner table with tinted damask table-cloths, to seat six, from £6 5s. 10d., with matching napkins £6 5s. a dozen.

WHERE to find children's clothing, particularly underclothing, that is both practical and pretty, is a problem that faces most mothers. The kiddies' nightwear sketched here comes from a clever children's outfitter in Chelsea. The clothes are all cut from sound, practical patterns and are made and finished by hand. The pyjamas, for instance, for girls, as well as boys, have a special type of gauging at wrist and ankle to keep them snug on the most restless of little limbs. Dresses are cut with amply large seams and hems, so that the garments can be taken back for readjustment as the children grow out of them. The clothes are made in many fabrics, including soft-printed cottons and lightweight hand-blocked woollens. The spotted wool pyjamas are 73s. 6d., the flowered cotton nightdress 30s., and the flowered cotton pyjamas, 52s. 6d.

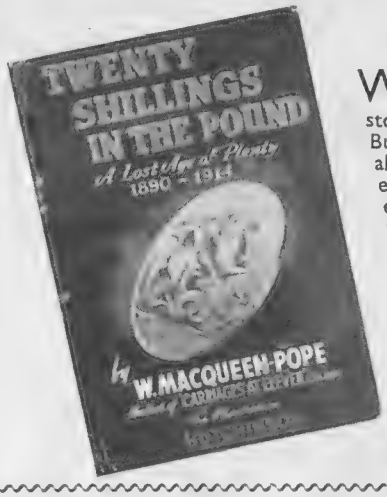


LOVELY table silver is a luxury that the housewife often needlessly denies herself because it involves more cleaning-time than she is willing to spare. A little-known gadget which makes cleaning silver as simple an operation as washing-up, will, however, provide every reason for bringing the family plate out of store. It consists of a small metal plate which, when immersed with the silver in hot water, removes stains and tarnish by an electro-chemical action. An enamelled bowl, which is smooth and unchipped, is best, and the only care that should be taken is to see that no aluminium is slipped in with the silver unaware. The cleaning plates cost from 1s. to 3s., according to size.

WHILE on the subject of silver, many will be glad to know that replating can now be undertaken by a reputable silversmith. For the best quality silver-plating, the charge is far from excessive. Cost, of course, depends on the size of the object to be replated, but approximate costs range from 30s. per dozen for teaspoons and 66s. per dozen for large soup spoons and tablespoons. Teapots cost from 35s. to 50s., according to size, cake baskets from 45s., entrée dishes from 60s. Orders can be accepted by post and an estimate sent for approval before the work is put in hand.

AN electric washing-machine is a boon to all who have to deal regularly with a large family wash. The heavy initial outlay is quickly recouped by saving on laundry bills, for with it sheets and large items which are usually sent to the laundry can be washed without effort at home. A new model, small enough to fit into even the smallest kitchen, and costing only £25, plus purchase tax, will have a very wide appeal. This model can deal with a 3½-lb. wash in 4 minutes. It has a special gentle action, with the pulsator situated at the side, so that the water is agitated around the clothes, rather than the clothes churned round inside the drum. The wringer, fitted with soft rubber rollers, means that even sheets and bulky articles can be laundered with a minimum of trouble.

PARAFFIN is still the best form of casual heating, in days when a fuel cut is still not impossible. An attractive paraffin oil heater is now on the market, neatly streamlined and finished in cream, blue or gold enamel. An aluminium reflector guarantees full heating efficiency, which comes from an incandescent burner, and an automatic feed makes the heater as easy to handle as any other. The tank is removable and can be lifted out for refuelling. In performance this heater is most economical, burning about fifty hours to the gallon. It is quite odourless, so it 's just the thing for topping up the bedroom or taking the chill off corridors and halls. Price 6 guineas.



Those Were The Days!

W. MACQUEEN-POPE calls the period 1890-1914 a "Lost Age of Plenty"—at least for the middle classes, he adds, stoutly on his guard. Pounds were golden sovereigns then. Butchers' shops were a glory to behold; the butcher welcomed all comers, shouting "Buy, buy!" Tradesmen almost fought each other for your custom, fawned on your doorstep, encouraged credit, heaped so many free samples on you that you could live on them for the first week or two in a new district. New-laid eggs were twelve a 1s., cookers twenty-four a 1s. Whisky was 3s. 6d. a bottle, beer 2d. a pint or 1s. 3d. six bottles, cigarettes were 2½d. or 3d. for ten. You could rent a small house for £20 a year, an eight or nine room one for £40, furnish on £100 or palatially for £300. You could . . . but cut, brother, I can't stand it!

How sad hearts of whilom Edwardians and Victorians will bound again to **"Twenty Shillings in the Pound"** (Hutchinson, 21s.), Mr. Macqueen-Pope's salute to every social aspect of that middle-class millenium!

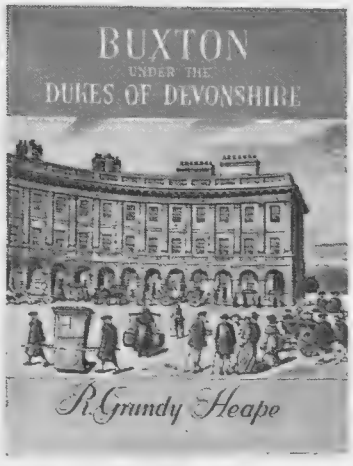
Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

I USED to imagine that "psychics" were solemn people, but most I have met enjoy a joke, even against themselves. Winifred Graham (Mrs. Theodore Cory) is no exception. In her third volume of memoirs, "I Introduce" (Skeffington, 16s.) she tells of a dignified dame stepping leisurely into a 'bus. "Get in, Ma—hurry up, Ma!" called the conductor. Turning to her friend, she said haughtily: "I have no recollection of giving birth to that man!" The Duke of St. Albans told Miss Graham of a proud bearer of the crown at the King's coronation who observed: "Before I left home I was carrying coal upstairs, now I have to carry a royal crown and when I get back it will be the coal scuttle again." At a political meeting she attended the usher asked a countess: "Isn't the earl coming?" "He couldn't manage it," her ladyship replied, "because he is so busy washing up!" Indeed, how the great are fallen! Miss Graham recounts other good stories of her many friends, talks of her riverside home, her faith and philosophy. To read her is to be the charmed guest of a hostess of the old school who values breeding, manners, and good taste.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING'S "Life Interests" (Macdonald, 12s.6d.) are mainly literary and belong to the world of Elroy Flecker, D. H. Lawrence, Hueffer, Violet Hunt and *South Lodge*. He is at his best in writing of these and his London wanderings, especially east of Tower Bridge; at his worst in slashing at Gissing, whose work will yet outlive his own. These essays of yesterday and the day before, produced in a *format* worthy of their elegant style, have a nostalgic glow which makes them—despite the "Antipathies"—warmly readable.

BUXTON, as a modern spa, dates from George III's reign, but as far back as Tudor times the Well of St. Anne was a kind of Lourdes which inspired sufferers with greater faith in the healing powers of the saint than of the water. In a handsome quarto, "Buxton Under the Dukes of Devonshire" (Hale, 15s.) R. Grundy Heape traces its history from hamlet to town and illustrates its architectural treasures with sensitive drawings, supplemented by photographs. An ancestor of the present Duke, who writes a Foreword, engaged a village barmaid as Chatsworth housekeeper and promptly fired her when, in his absence, she threw a party in his private suite!

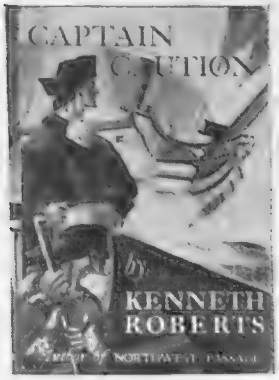


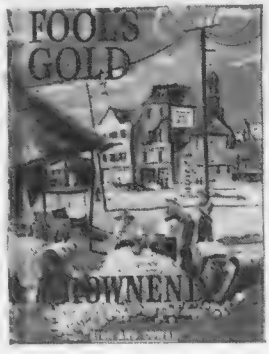
H. E. BATES'S Burma venture seems to have brought a flowering to his art, and not only of bougainvillaea, jalousy and tamarind amid gilt pagodas. He returns to it in "The Jacaranda Tree" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), a first-rate novel about a young rice-mill manager, Paterson, who leads a car trek of fellow Europeans fleeing from invading Japs. Since he insists on taking his native boy and the boy's sister who is his mistress, and the party—riddled with petty rivalries and jealousies—includes a lovely young married woman eager to seduce him, there is plenty of drama *en route* to make a vivid, exotic story.

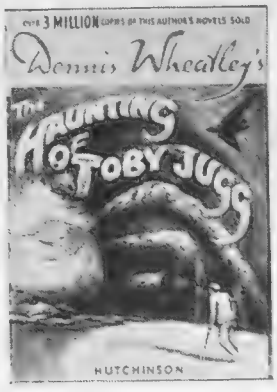
Harry J. Greenwall's "Such is Life" (Nicholson and Watson, 9s. 6d.) is a big-canvas saga of a Maida Vale Jewish family, the Isaacs, their loves and marriages—happy and unhappy—the world of synagogues, pawnbrokers, Hatton Garden diamond dealers, the materialistic rich and the idealistic poor. Jacky, the chief character, shoots off at a tangent to become free-lance journalist in Paris and end his life tragically at the hands of a fanatical Nazi. Mr. Greenwall is saturated in his characters; it is obviously a story that *had* to be written and will absorb all who enjoyed Louis Golding's *Magnolia Street*.

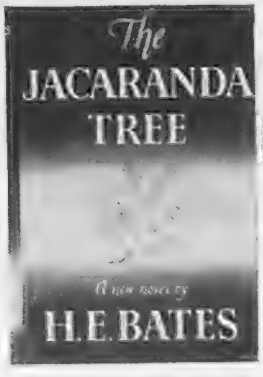
A girl idolizing a fanatical father who deliberately embitters her against men is not likely to have an easy or happy time in love and marriage, especially when she also has to reckon with the intrigues of a jealous sister-in-law. This is the tense psychological background of Taylor Caldwell's "Melissa" (Collins, 10s. 6d.) who is saved in the end by the patient tolerance of the man who loves her. His final, touching appeal to her not to demand too much from others points the wisdom of an unusual novel with a serious, significant theme.

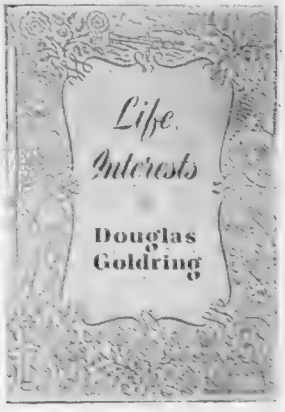
AT last I know what a Gremlin is—a vicious little goblin six inches high, with a face like a plum, a green bowler hat perched between two satanic horns! R.A.F. pilot Peternip spots him during a fight with Messerschmitts. As men annihilate each other with ever deadlier weapons in World Wars III and IV the Gremlins multiply by the million until the stricken (*Continued on page* 68)











In Search of Glamour.

I WAS going into a very famous beauty parlour just as a pretty friend of mine was leaving. We stopped to greet each other. She mentioned that she had been having a face treatment and asked if I had also come for one. She looked astonished when she learned that I had come for a pedicure and chiropody. "Good gracious!" she said, "I never knew that you could get that sort of thing here and I have been coming here for years." She added regretfully: "My feet trouble me a lot but I never can be bothered to do anything about them." It was on the tip of my tongue to tell her that she was a silly woman but I refrained. What I did say was that this was the only place I know where you can get both pedicure and chiropody at one sitting and I think you get the best value for money and time spent if you combine the two.

Jane Gordon

THE next time you peel off your stockings take a good look at your feet and tell yourself honestly whether you are proud of them, satisfied with them or ashamed of them. On close examination do they look to your critical eye like a pair of shabby, over-worked cinderellas? Are your toe nails treated to a regular pedicure? If not, they ought to be. All women who manicure their nails at home should be able to give themselves a good pedicure. Once every three or four weeks should be sufficient to keep the toe nails in good shape.

For a pedicure you will need a small pair of nail clippers, an emery board, cuticle oil—the best for this purpose is Crookes's Collosol Iodine Oil—an orange stick with a rubber hoof-end, plenty of cotton-wool, a small bowl of soapy water, small nail-brush, hand towel, foot lotion or spray, and foot or talcum powder. If nail enamel is used then you will need not only the enamel but a remover with an oily base.

THE pedicure is done as follows: Remove all old varnish with a pad of cotton-wool dampened with the varnish remover. Clip nails straight across; toe-nails should not be worn pointed or oval; and be careful not to clip the nails too short. They should not stick out beyond the toe but they should reach the end of the toe. Smooth off all rough edges with the emery board. See that no pointed or splintered bits of nail are left at the corners, otherwise there is a danger of ingrowing toe-nails.

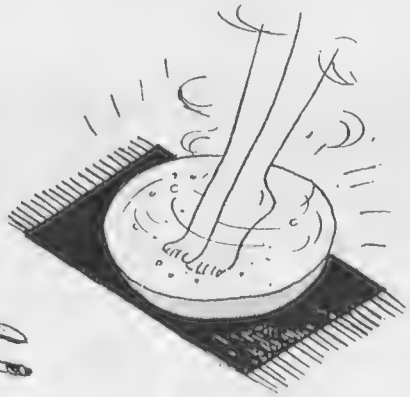
Scrub the toes thoroughly with soap and water, using the nail-brush. Dry, smear on the oil around the cuticles; then go very gently round the cuticles with the rubber-hoof end of the orange stick; twist a tiny piece of cotton-wool around the pointed end of the orange stick and clean very gently under the nails. Take care not to lift the nails up or to poke hard. Scrub the toes again to remove all grease or the varnish will not stick. Dry thoroughly. If enamel is going to be worn, place a good fat piece of cotton-wool between each toe to hold the toes apart and paint on the enamel. For toes this should cover the whole of the nail. Leave the wool in place until the coating is thoroughly dry, rub in or spray on foot lotion. Lavender water is most refreshing for this purpose. Finish by dusting with foot powder or talcum powder.

EVERYTHING used for the pedicure should be kept together—preferably in a tin box because this is dustproof, and pedicure instruments should not be used for manicure.

To keep your feet in really good shape try these four easy exercises:

1. Picking up a golf ball or picking up a small-sized ball of wool with the toes.

2. Sitting on the floor, the heels resting on the ground— (*Continued on page* 68)



Top Dressings

Here are two simple sets of instructions to make the hats illustrated below. Both are up-to-the-minute styles and call for simple sewing and construction. Use piece-felt which is inexpensive and plentiful and follow the diagram for cutting and making very closely

The pointed cap above is trimmed with a rouleau of contrasting coloured velvet and a matching feather. The bonnet pictured below has a rolled back brim and the pointed crown turned over. Use a soft feather or osprey for trimming

Pointed Cap—Diagram "A"

Take a piece of paper about 21 in. by 25 in. on which to cut out pattern. ½ in. seams are allowed. Draw half a circle with a radius of 10 in., as shown by dotted lines on the diagram. Continue vertical radius up for 3 in. and take off 2 in. from the bottom. Then join up lines as shown on diagram. (Draw your radius more than 10 in. if your head is large). Cut out pattern on thick lines. Cut facing 5 in. wide using first pattern as guide notching outside edges as shown for guide when sewing. Place the whole thing on a piece of felt about 21 in. by 25 in. and cut again.

To Make Up

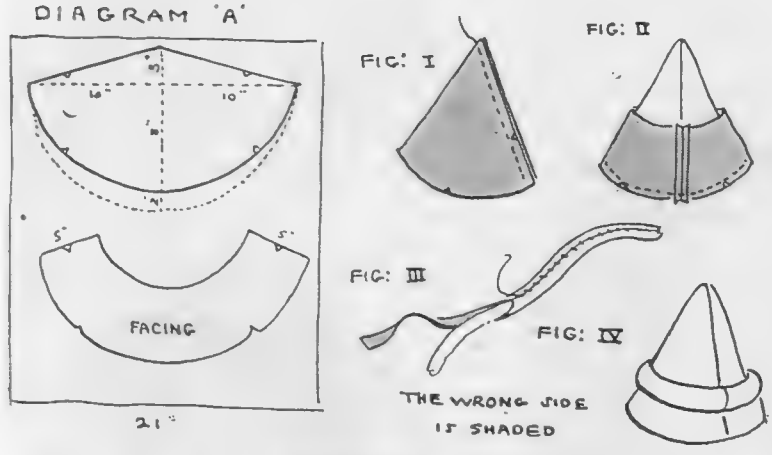
Before sewing felt adjust to head size. Fold and join as shown in Fig 1 : turn right side out. Join facing and sew to cap, right sides together matching notches Fig. 2. Turn right way out and press. For rouleau you will need about ¾ yd. of 3-in. wide velvet ribbon and a long, thin sausage of cotton-wool. Oversew the ribbon round the cotton-wool as shown. Sew rouleau to cap and neaten inside of cap with binding. Add a feather and veiling if liked.

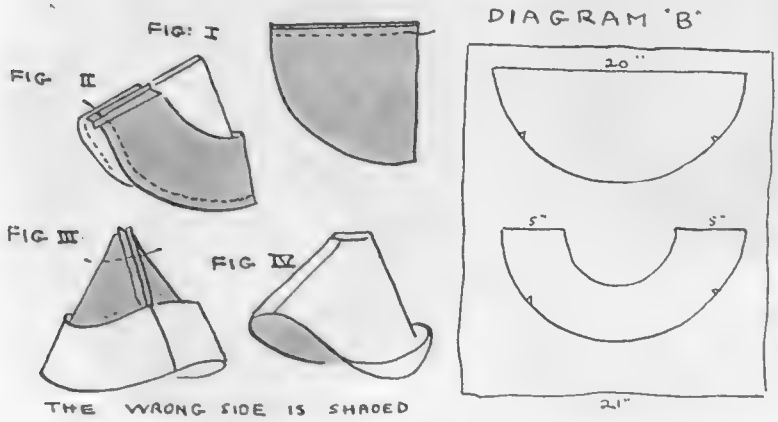
Bonnet—Diagram "B"

Draw half a circle on paper with diameter of 20 in. also draw pattern of facing 5 in. deep using half circle as guide. Cut out pattern and place on a piece of felt 21 in. by 25 in. as shown. Cut notches as guide when sewing.

To Make Up

Fold and join sides together (Fig. 1). Turn right side out to press. Join facing and sew to bonnet, right sides together matching notches (Fig. 2). Sew across point about 2 in. down (Fig. 3). Turn right way out and press (Fig. 4). Sew binding inside to facing and hem lightly to neaten. Turn up at back and add a feather, mount or quills high up on the left side. Or add ribbon to the sides to tie under the chin.





Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

What's Your Problem

TIME was when there was no formula for the figure that was not perfect. The girl, too tall and too thin, remained a string bean for the rest of time. No one helped the plump girl disguise her weight. Fat legs and thick ankles remained a misfortune to their owner to the end of her days. One's faults, were, so to speak, in the limelight for everyone to criticize.

To-day, thanks to beauticians and to dress designers, the imperfect figure need no longer be the problem that it was. By the help of diet, make-up, clever dressing and this and that one's imperfections can be so improved as to pass almost unnoticed. Mathematicians are wrong when they say that figures cannot lie. They can. Furthermore, a debit can often be turned to good account.

Roughly speaking, imperfect figures fall into three groups. Those that are too plump, those that are too tall and thin, and those that are too short.

Consider them one by one:

If you are on the plump side: Diet, allied with exercises, can alter the silhouette if one is prepared to persevere. If you would write to me, I will happily send you exercises specially chosen to correct your particular figure problem.

Hips can be reduced with local massage and exercise. Make bath time slimming time, by tossing a handful of Epsom salt into the water and pummelling and pinching away the unwanted inches.

The too-large bust can be improved by exercise and given uplift by the right kind of brassière—made to measure if possible.

If your problem is one of a drooping bosom, concentrate on restoring tone to the flaccid pectoral muscles. Special exercises and sponging alternately with cold and hot water will do a lot to improve the bust line.

Localized fat, wherever it occurs, on upper arms, neck or chin, ankles or hips, requires localized exercises which will melt away the unwanted inches and leave the rest of the figure untouched. Exercises will be effective only if they are the right ones done in the right way. If you take the question of slimming through exercise seriously, be prepared to invest in a consultation with a figure expert. It will be money well spent for one or two visits will ensure that you are doing the right exercise in the right way and that the time spent on them is not wasted.

If you are tall and too thin: Gain weight by eating plenty of foods containing vitamin B. Eat slowly always, sleep all you can—nine hours a night is the minimum—and take life easily. Dismiss niggling worries from your mind. Steal your plump sister's milk ration if you can. Have a hot mug of milk at night and add to it a tablespoonful of honey. Take up swimming if your bust is too small. Use rich creams to dismiss wrinkles and fill up salt cellars. Be liberal with skin food at night.

If you are too short: Keep one eye permanently on the weighing machine so that you avoid that broad-as-you're-long look. Diet and exercise will do this for you. Give yourself a lift and create an illusion of height by holding yourself extra-well and wearing clothes that are simple in cut.

Chilblains

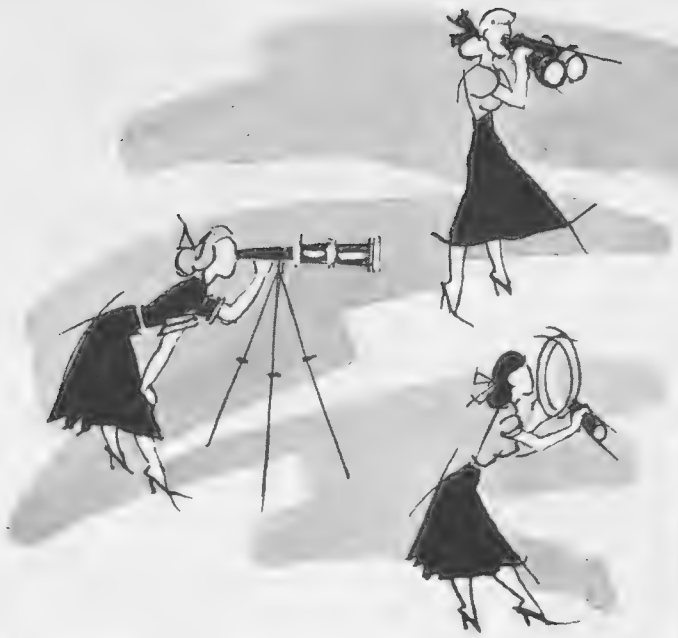
KNITTING, believe it or not, is a help to those who suffer from chilblains. Movements of the fingers promotes the circulation while the wool itself plays its part acting as a heating agent, like a hot water bottle.

Warmth is essential to keep chilblains under control. Until the warmer weather returns, keep hands and feet really warm. Pastel-coloured angora socks and matching gloves will not label you as a sufferer.

Protect the surface of the chilblain from getting rubbed for once this happens there is liability of infection. Cover with lint having first applied calamine lotion.

APPLICATIONS and ointments may ease the discomfort and pain for the time being, but they are in no way the whole cure. Chilblains are often a symptom of poor general health. A slight degree of anæmia, for instance, will exacerbate the condition and a good iron tonic, either made up by a chemist or in the form of one of the proprietory brands of pills such as Blaud's, will help to build up resistance. Calcium will show good long-term results, but as calcium is not easily assimilated into the system, it must be taken in conjunction with vitamin D. There are several good preparations of calcium with vitamins added and calcium combined with iron that should reduce the tedium of pill taking to a minimum.

An exercise to keep the chin contour clear-cut. Turn the head slowly to the right, forcing it round until the chin is over the right shoulder, Bend the head slowly in a nodding movement, backwards and forwards, pulling the muscles each time. Turn slowly to the left and repeat the nodding



The Way To Look At It

WHY forget your eyes?
A famous ophthalmic surgeon made this comment to me the other day. Why, he said, do people consider it a daily necessity to clean their face, hands and teeth and yet never give their eyes a thought?

As he explained, your eyes are exposed to just as much grime and dust as other parts of the body and therefore need the same amount of attention.

The eyes should be washed once a day at least. Give them a bath with a reliable eye lotion; there are many excellent makes on the market but if you prefer you can make up your own.

Here is a simple recipe which can be made in a minute. Put a pint of tepid water in a jug. Add to it a teaspoonful of salt and another of bicarbonate of soda. Allow to cool, shake well and then pour into a bottle.

Use your lotion once a day. Half fill an eyebath, pour contents into the eye, swill across the eye by tilting the head from side to side. Empty the bath before you refill for the other eye. This is important because if there is any infection the lotion will carry it from one eye to another.

IF there is any suggestion of eye strain, if you feel you must rub your eyes to see more clearly, consult an optician. Remember your eyes are top priority—treasured possessions that cannot be replaced.

Eye strain may mean you require glasses. Or alternatively, it may be due to anxiety or poor physical condition. It is interesting—and heartening—to note that an examination of 500 cases attending a leading ophthalmic clinic revealed that over one-third of the eye afflictions were mental in origin. In a high percentage of these cases the eye disorders were completely cured by psychotherapy.

Again, give your eyes the consideration they deserve. Light your room to suit them. Have a lamp behind your favourite chair so that you can do any close work without fear of straining the eyes. Always, in fact, sit with your back to the light when you are reading or sewing.

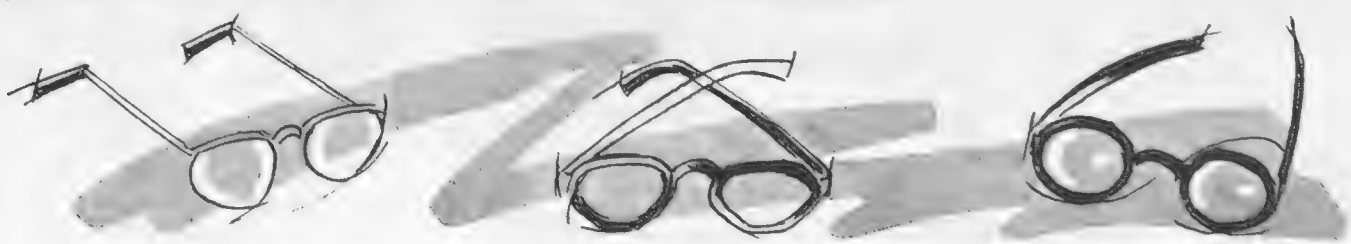
Eye exercises have proved of considerable benefit in a remedial sense for people with failing eyesight, more especially in the case of muscular weaknesses. Aldous Huxley's book on the subject, written in appreciation of the benefit he himself derived from the practice of such exercises is well known and is of especial interest since the methods described therein can be practised without medical supervision.

Typical of the simple methods is this one. Close the eyes gently, cup the hands and place them over them, excluding all light. Remain thus for a few minutes whenever it is possible to do so.

The necessity of wearing spectacles gives many women a needless inferiority complex. Modern spectacles are so well designed that there is no need for them to be hideous.

There is such a variety in the design of spectacles to-day that it should not be difficult to find a shape of frame which suits the features. Generally speaking, the lines of the frames should follow the natural curve of the brow. If there is an upwards tilt to the brow, choose frames which slant upwards and outwards. Straight brows call for frames that have a flattened or even square shaped lens.

The problem of wearing spectacles can be approached from two quite different ways. Either you camouflage, by wearing flesh tinted or rimless specs or contact lenses, and hope people won't notice. Or you dramatize necessity and have frames to match your ensemble like any other dress accessory. Coloured frames must match the outfit perfectly, however, and if you cannot run to the expense of having a different pair of specs for each new colour scheme, play for safety and stick to neutral or flesh tinted ones.



INVALID FARE

WE hope the time for coughs and sneezes is passing but there are still many who need invalid cookery. These suggestions are merely for those who need light and tempting dishes to build up strength. Some of the less solid recipes may help those who are in bed with a slight temperature or who are just getting over one. The secret of tempting an invalid food is first to appeal to the eye. Never give an overloaded look to plate or tray. Avoid anything greasy. Give fried foods a miss; drain everything very carefully. If food is hot serve it very hot so that during transit from kitchen to bedside there are no hardened spots of grease or filmy skins on liquid. When you make a custard or milky dish give it a good stir at the end so that skin does not form readily. Cut bread for toast thin, lightly brown quickly so that it will be soft. Even in these austere days always remove crusts. They can be used in other ways.

Special care should be taken in choice of vegetables. Most green vegetables are very good for their vitamin C content, but avoid some of the coarser greens such as turnip tops and curly kale as these are not always easily digested. If your invalid can fancy them a little raw vegetable such as grated carrot, finely shredded cabbage or water cress are good as none of the vitamin value is impaired by cooking. When cooking vegetables do it rapidly in as little water as possible so that most of the goodness is retained.

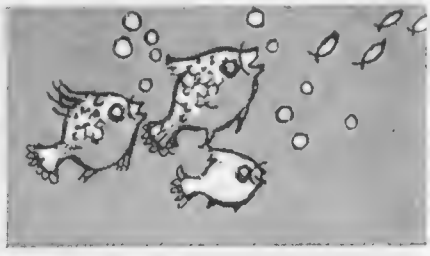
When available good sources for vitamin C are oranges, lemons, grape fruit and black currant and rose hip syrup. Among foods easily digested and of strength restoring value are milk, eggs, which should be coddled or scrambled or poached; meat if minced or steamed till tender in a steamer; fish, steamed or boiled. Nourishing clear soups, sponge cakes — do not overdo starchy foods and in these times when bread may be far from digestible, either toast it or make rusks or pulled bread. Any of these foods may often be excluded by doctor's orders but are a guide for general convalescence.

Now for a few recipes :

BEEF TEA

Ingredients : ½ lb. gravy beef ; ½ pint cold water ; pinch salt.

Trim any skin and fat from meat and dice small. Soak in water about 10 minutes. Simmer gently for 1 hour. Strain and clear



To Prepare A Rabbit For The Pot

FEW town dwellers have to skin and clean a rabbit but it is common in the country for housewives to be faced with the entire preparation of her rabbit. Like drawing a chicken, skinning a rabbit is quick if done correctly but wastes endless time otherwise.

Cut off ears and remove legs at first joints.

Slit right along under side of body and carefully take away insides and stomach. Keep heart and liver for gravy, etc.

Loosen skin from body, pulling towards hind legs; draw it over hind legs then pull skin from body towards head and over front legs. Cut skin from head with a sharp, pointed knife.

Well wash carcass in cold water.

To joint, cut all legs close to joints. Cut body in 3 or 4 pieces through backbone. Remove head which can be used for stock if eyes are removed and head split across.

Melt 1 oz. dripping in pot or casserole. Peel and slice 1 onion. Fry in fat a few minutes; sprinkle joints with seasoned flour and add to onions. Fry 2 or 3 minutes till all are browned. Put in pot and add ½ pint water together with vegetables, chopped bacon, bouquet garni, according to recipe. Rabbits need slow simmering till tender; about 2 hours.

Steamed Chop Milk Mould with Lemon Jelly

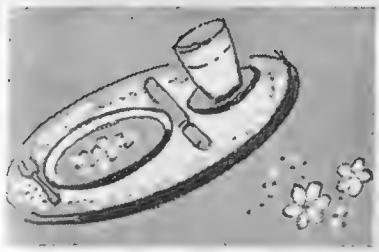
NEXT to vegetables, fish is one of the most commonly mishandled foods. Its wetness is allowed to become apparent in broken, mushy frys and even more so when it is boiled, often overcooked and insufficiently drained. People are often shy of mixing other flavours and foods with fish when, in fact unconventional accompaniments such as cheese, bacon and onion often provide the variety and piquancy which many fishes need.

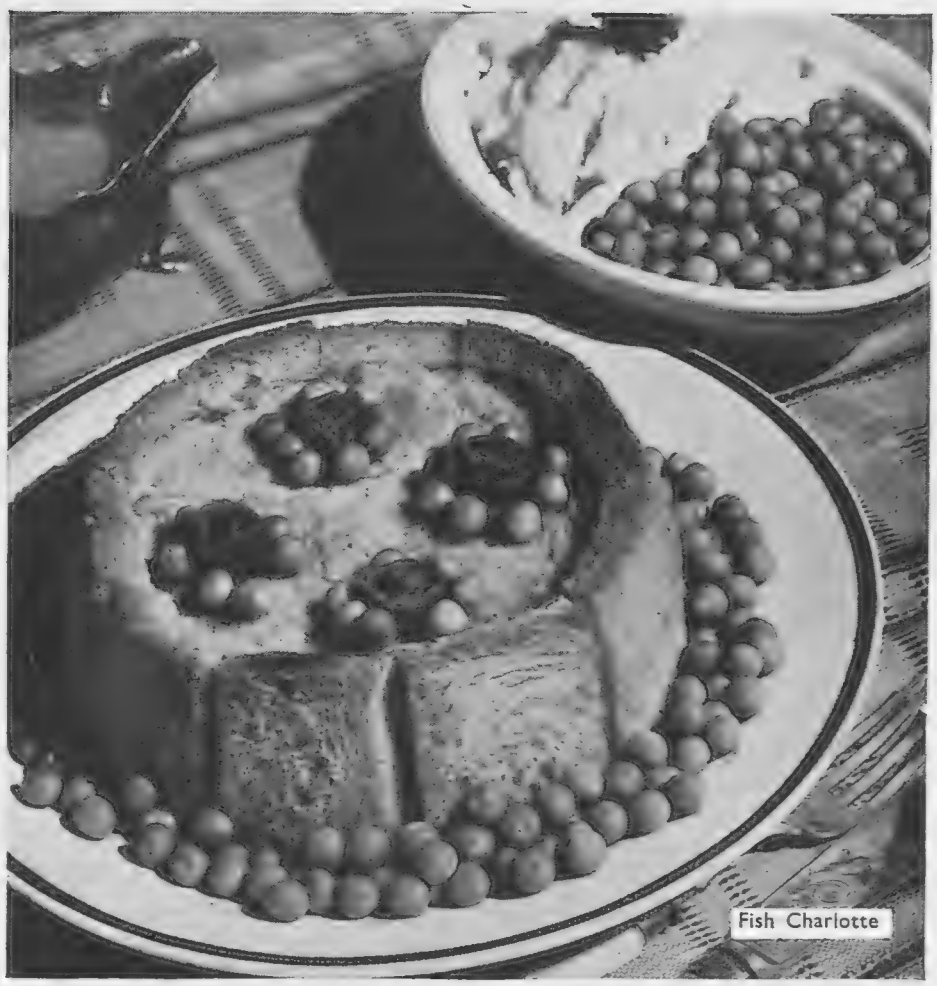
FISH CHARLOTTE

Ingredients : ½ lb. cooked fish ; ½ pint shrimp sauce ; ¼ lb. mashed potato ; seasoning ; about 1 pint cooked green peas ; bread and margarine ; shrimps for decoration.

Flake fish finely. Add mashed potato, season, stir in ¼ pint of the shrimp sauce.

Line bottom and sides of well greased soufflé dish or cake tin with fingers of bread, spread with margarine, a cake tin with loose bottom is good as the charlotte is easily lifted out. Pour in fish mixture, trim bread to same height; cover with greased paper and bake about 40 minutes in a moderate oven, Regulo 5, or 350 deg. F. Remove from oven; leave to stand a few minutes. Run a knife carefully round and turn out. Decorate top with green peas and shrimps. Serve with





from fat. Add salt.

For jellied soup add about ¼ oz. of gelatine to ½ pint clear soup or broth and serve as jelly in a soup cup.

CODDLED EGGS

Take a new laid egg. Place in a small pan of boiling water. Cover with lid and leave on very low flame for 7 minutes; low enough neither to boil nor simmer.

These are nice shelled and served on a bed of creamed spinach or coated with white sauce and a little uncooked grated cheese sprinkled over.

EGG FLIP

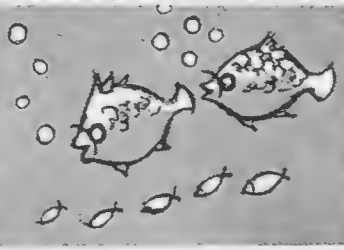
Beat 1 egg very well, and a tablespoonful of sherry, ½ pint of milk and a dessertspoonful of sugar. Pass through a strainer. Serve cold or stand in a pan of boiling water a few minutes and serve warm.

STEAMED ROLLS OF PLAICE

Take two thin fillets of plaice or sole preferably with white skin, wash and sprinkle with lemon juice and roll with skin inside. Tie with string. Put on a heat resisting plate or shallow dish over a pan of boiling water. Cover plate closely and steam till tender 10–15 minutes. Have ready (*Continued on page* 56)

By Harriet Muir

FEASTING ON FISH



remainder of shrimp sauce and surround with border of peas.

BAKED MACKEREL AND GOOSEBERRY SAUCE

Ingredients: 2 or 3 mackerel; 1 tablespoonful flour; seasoning; 1 oz. melted margarine.

Wash and clean mackerel and place in a well greased fireproof dish. Brush over with melted margarine. Cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven. Regulo 5 or 400° F. about ½ an hour. Serve with gooseberry sauce.

GOOSEBERRY SAUCE

Ingredients: ½ lb. green gooseberries; 1 oz. sugar; ½ oz. margarine; ½ oz. flour; 4 tablespoonfuls water; small grating of nutmeg (optional); green colouring.

Wash, top and tail gooseberries. Put in a pan with water and sugar. Cook very gently till tender. Put through a sieve and return to the pan. Mix flour and margarine into a smooth paste. Stir into gooseberry purée and add nutmeg, bring to the boil stirring all the time. Add a few drops of green colouring. Simmer a little and serve.

KEDGEREE CUTLETS

Ingredients: 4 oz. cooked riced macaroni; about 4 oz. cooked, finely flaked fish, preferably smoked fish; tablespoonful chopped parsley; ¼ pint of thick white sauce; 1 oz. margarine; paste of milk and flour for coating; brown breadcrumb.

Drain macaroni well; add margarine, fish, parsley and sauce; season—mix well and turn into a plate. If rice and fish are newly cooked, leave to cool. When cold shape into cutlets, coat with flour and water paste and roll in breadcrumbs. Fry in hot fat till golden brown both sides, serve with fried or baked tomatoes.

GRILLED HERRINGS WITH FORCEMEAT BALLS AND MUSTARD SAUCE

Remove heads and tails from herrings, gut and split down the centre without cutting through and spread out flat. Remove back bone with a very sharp knife. Wash and drain. Spread on very little fat and grill quickly about 5 minutes, turning after 4 minutes.

Meanwhile prepare forcemeat balls thus.

Wash 4 soft herring roes and cook in a little milk. Season. Melt a walnut of margarine in a pan and stir in a dessertspoonful of flour; add milk from roes to make thick sauce. Beat up roes and add to sauce together with 2 tomatoes skinned and chopped small. Finally add enough breadcrumbs (about 2 oz.) to make a firm forcement; form into balls and fry till brown.

Pour a little mustard sauce down the centre of each herring; garnish with sprigs of parsley and serve with forcemeat balls.

MUSTARD SAUCE

Ingredients: ½ pint white sauce; teaspoonful raw mustard; ½ teaspoonful anchovy essence; dessertspoonful vinegar.

Mix mustard with vinegar and anchovy. Stir into sauce until boiling.

SAVOURY FISH FLAN

Ingredients: ½ lb. short pastry made with 6 oz. flour and 2 oz. fat; line a flan tin with pastry, fill with crusts to keep shape and bake; prepare this filling; 1 lb. cooked fish such as bream or haddock; ¼ pint tomato sauce; ½ lb. tomatoes; 1 dessertspoonful lemon juice or vinegar; 1 dessertspoonful chopped parsley; 1 finely chopped medium sized fried onion; 1 tablespoonful breadcrumbs; ½ oz. margarine; seasoning.

Remove any bones and skin. Flake and mix with sauce, season. Spread at bottom of flan. Cut tomatoes in rings and spread on top with onion and parsley. Add vinegar or lemon. Cover with breadcrumbs and dots of margarine. Bake in a moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F., about 10 minutes till hot and golden on top.

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Handy About The House

AN electric cleaner is not used to full capacity if it serves only for cleaning carpets. With the additional nozzle attachments it can be used for other cleaning jobs. For linoleum or wooden floors, use the large nozzle with brush attached which sweeps and gathers up the dust at the same time. A small nozzle with a long hair brush will remove dirt from picture rails and awkward places. The upholstery nozzle will clean heavy curtains and heavy clothes too. Remember cupboards, drawers, the mattress and wire spring when cleaning the bedroom. The electric cleaner will make a better job of the wire spring if it is used for blowing instead of suction. The same applies to the inside of pianos or the awkward cavity behind the elements of an electric fire. Always hold the nozzle out of the window for a few seconds to clear the dust from the tube when first changing over.

ECONOMY points for an electric cooker aim to make full use of latent heat after the meal has been cooked and the current switched off. The hot plate gives out enough heat after it is turned off for slow cooking dishes such as soups or stews or for making sauces where only light cooking is needed. A cooling oven can be used in the same way. Ends of fat cut from the joint can be placed in a tin for rendering down. Pieces of stale bread laid in the shelves will crisp for rusks or breadcrumbs. A pan of water placed in the oven while the meal is being eaten will provide hot water for the washing up.

STORAGE space in the kitchen is usually too precious to squander. Badly placed shelves in cupboards, for instance, can be great space wasters. By varying the depths of the shelves, cupboards can be made to yield double their storage capacity without any sacrifice to convenience. Each shelf should be sufficiently deep to take its contents but no deeper. An extra shelf fixed between two existing ones will provide storage space for small bottles or jars of such things as flavourings, leaving the deeper accommodation free for the taller jars.

A HANDY oil can is indispensable for the smooth running of minor metal fittings around the house. Well oiled curtain runners save considerable wear and tear on the curtains. Stiff locks and catches impose unnecessary strain on door or window framework. Oil the locks by means of a feather inserted through the keyhole. Oil the castors on beds or other heavy pieces of furniture regularly, checking up that the screws are tightly fixed at the same time. This minimizes the danger of the castor being wrenched out of position, damaging the surrounding woodwork in the process.

A NEW DOLCIS *Californian*

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J. Arthur Rank star of "The Blue Lagoon",
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"WALK WITH THE STARS IN DOLCIS"

Tailored jersey in English life...

by Wolsey

Morning simplicity in the gracious hall of a Regency town house

Well Said

At sixteen a woman prefers the best dancer in the room; at two and twenty the best talker; at thirty the richest man.—*Punch, 1862.*

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.—*Shakespeare, "As You Like It."*

There are some meannesses which are too mean even for man—woman, lovely woman alone, can venture to commit them.—*Thackeray.*

"I am a woman of the world, Hector, and I can assure you that if you will only take the trouble always to do the perfectly correct thing, and to say the perfectly correct thing, you can do just what you like."—*Shaw.*

Martyrdom . . . Is the only way in which a man can become famous without ability.—*Bernard Shaw.*

Simplicity is an exact medium between too little and too much.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Some praise at morning what they blame at night, but always think the last opinion right.—*Pope.*

Life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.—*O. Henry.*

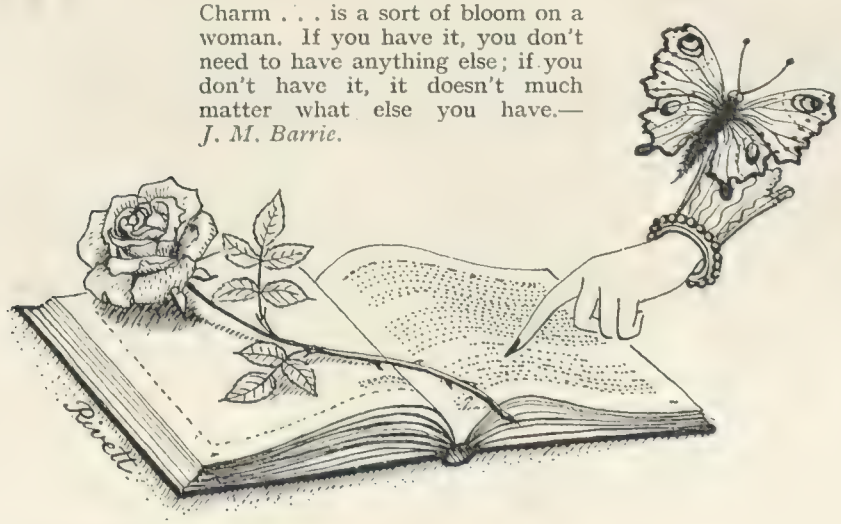
A cigarette is the perfect type of a perfect pleasure. It is exquisite and it leaves one unsatisfied. What more can you want?—*Oscar Wilde.*

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.—*Sydney Smith.*

There is a tide in the affairs of woman which, taken at the flood leads—God knows where.—*Byron.*

To some mothers life is just one darn sock after another.—*Thomas Dewar.*

Charm . . . is a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have.—*J. M. Barrie.*



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F60

Clouded Yellow

(Continued from page 12)

Colonel Chaplin shook his head vigorously.

"Never," he said. "Wish I had. No, boasting was her downfall. Right at the start of lunch she asked me where we lived. I told her Grebeshire, whereupon she could not resist telling me that she had stayed with the Sittingbournes. That rang a slight bell in my suspicious mind and by pressing on I extracted the additional information that she had stayed at Sittingbourne Park for the county ball in the spring of this year. That confirmed the slight suspicion that I had had at the back of my mind that somewhere I had heard or read her name before. All the names of all the people who stayed at Sittingbourne for that particular week-end are down on a list that is locked up in my safe at home."

Colonel Chaplin broke off and turned to Professor Foglio.

"I ought to explain," he said, "that I'm Chief Constable of Grebeshire. That means that I'm head of the county police force, Lord Sittingbourne, who is our Lord-lieutenant, is, or rather was, the owner of a chalice that came into the possession of his family at the time of the Reformation. The Sittingbourne Cup, they call it. But of course you will know all about it—it's been described and illustrated times without number."

Professor Foglio nodded. "Oh, yes," he said. "The Sittingbourne Cup is very beautiful, very famous, immensely valuable and very, very important."

"Well, anyway," the Colonel went on, "this cup is normally kept locked up in a strong room. A couple of months ago a tremendous swell from America, Dr. Faversham, of the Norton Institute of Fine Arts, went down to Sittingbourne and the Cup was produced for his inspection. He had seen it on a previous visit last year, and on this second occasion he caused no small stir by announcing that it was a fake. The Cup which he had seen on his first visit had been the genuine article—this was a replica; an immensely skilful replica which would deceive ninety-nine people out of a hundred but—a replica. Between his visits someone must have stolen the chalice and substituted this cup. Dr. Faversham himself is of course above suspicion—so is the butler who has the key of the strong room; and by thinking back it was established that only on one occasion between the doctor's visits had the chalice been out of the strong room—for a couple of hours after dinner one night this spring during the house party for the county ball. Someone had asked to see it, and it had been duly produced. And at some moment during those two hours the original must have been stolen and the copy substituted. The theft has never been announced. The insurance companies were anxious that nothing should get out. We went over the ground again and again, working on the assumption that two criminals were involved—the maker of the replica and an accomplice on the spot who effected the substitution. Lists of the guests were drawn up. Lists of the servants in the house. Lists of visiting servants. Dossiers were supplied right, left and centre. I happen to remember Mrs. Teynham's. Lady Sittingbourne had met her in Paris, Lord Sittingbourne had admired her, and she had been asked to stay. There wasn't much known about her, but there were no black marks. Not unnaturally, I was interested to meet the lady in the flesh."

"Interested, yes," Professor Foglio said. "But I see no direct line of reasoning which led you to connect her with the projected theft of the Rosa d'oro from the Stroma Palace?"

Colonel Chaplin lit a cigarette.

"That," Colonel Chaplin said, "was the oddest part of the whole business. I'll tell you. Another list was made out—of the names and addresses of the handful of craftsmen who would have been capable of making the exceedingly skilful replica of the Cup. A couple of goldsmiths in London, two more in America, three here in Italy, and one in France. The Frenchman, as I happened to remember, lived in a place called Pont de Moncroi. And it was at Pont de Moncroi, a small village on the main Calais to Paris line, that the train happened to stop on our journey out here. You may have heard my wife mention the occurrence."

"Prodded, goaded, and forced at the point of a pistol by yourself," Mrs. Chaplin put in. "You made me tell the story."

"Exactly," said the Colonel. "It was a coincidence and coincidences are always worth relating. We explored the village and without any particular object in view indulged in a little trespassing. Our peaceful sojourn in the park of the château of the place was disturbed by the irruption of—presumably—the owner, an elderly gentleman with the hands of an artist and with paint stains—the stains of enamel paint—on his trouser legs. Although he gave us no chance to have a word with him I fancied then—and I now have no doubts at all—that we had the pleasure of meeting the constructor of the replica of the Sittingbourne Cup. He must also have been in the last stages of completing the replica of the Rosa d'oro, that selfsame replica which, neatly embedded in its case, dear Mrs. Teynham admired so much this morning after extracting the original and placing it in her bag under my very nose."

Professor Foglio shook his head.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I still cannot understand how this chance encounter with the paint-stained artist in Pont de Moncroi led you to suspect that he was actually at work on a replica of the Rosa d'oro of the Stroma Palace."

"No?" the Colonel asked. "Oh, but really it was quite simple. I assumed, for argument's sake, that the squire of Pont de Moncroi was the villain of the piece. If, working through an accomplice, one substitute robbery had been successfully accomplished by this exquisite but fraudulent craftsman in conjunction with a clever accomplice it seemed likely that another was being planned. It was clear that he was working with enamel paints. You may have heard my wife mention that he was armed with a net and that he succeeded in capturing a butterfly with it. It seemed probable that he required a living butterfly as a model. I know little about saddles but quite a lot about works of art. I cast round in my mind for small but immensely valuable treasures in which enamelled butterflies feature. I thought of half a dozen, including the golden rose in the Stroma Palace. Mrs. Teynham turns up at the villa. She has come straight from Paris. We are told that she is deaf and has been deaf for many years. She carries this large handbag containing, or so it is assumed, a hearing appliance. Conjurers have similar bags. Things like small cups and small glass cases can be slipped out of them and other things, like cups and small cases, can be induced to slide in. It is simply a matter of having a replica in the bag, of putting the bag down on a table in front of the object which it is desired to remove, of distracting the attention of anyone who happens to be present, and of exercising a little sleight of hand. Mrs. Teynham was present—with her bag—at Sittingbourne Park. Mrs. Teynham—with her bag—is visiting the Stroma Palace next morning. It seems likely that the Rosa d'oro is, in fact, next on the list. I exert my failing charms and arrange a rendez-vous. I have a word with you, Foglio, to ensure that, as soon as we leave the Palace, you will nip upstairs and make sure that a replica of the Rosa d'oro has been substituted. Lady Eastry is tactful. I satisfy my suspicions about the lady's deafness by cutting the flex on the way up the staircase. By fussing over the saddle and by engaging the attention of the attendant I give her lots and lots of time and any number of opportunities. And there you are."

Mrs. Chaplin leant forward.

"She had such lovely clouded yellow hair," she remarked sadly. "Charles, I think it was beastly of you. If you knew what she was meaning to do you should have stopped her before she did it."

Colonel Chaplin shook his head. "She was a menace,

(Continued on page 54)

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A full-sized lounge, softly sprung and equal to anything we produced in pre-war days. Entirely new and improved methods of construction—settees also in two sizes.

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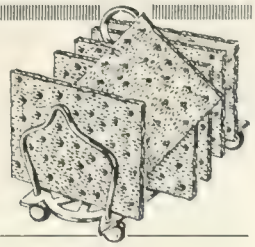

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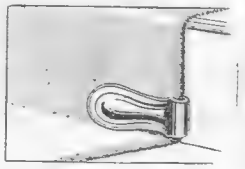

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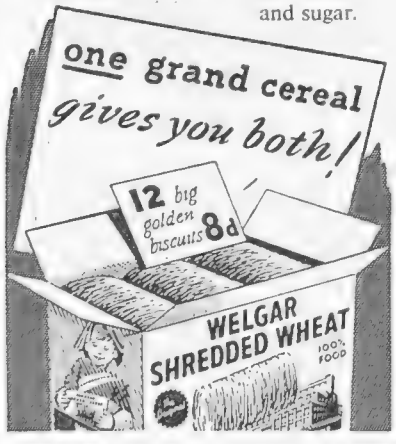
I like it HOT!

Mothers—try this 'easy on the milk' recipe for cooked Shredded Wheat. The family will love it! Crumble one or two biscuits into a small saucepan, add a pinch of salt and enough water to cover the bottom of pan. Boil and stir till thick. Serve with diluted milk and sugar.



that woman. She used her charm and her looks to make friends whom she proceeded to rob. Quite apart from its artistic and historic interest, the Sittingbourne Cup was studded with precious stones and was worth half a million. The dewdrops on the golden rose are diamonds and are worth a fortune. They tear these treasures to pieces and destroy them. I had no evidence. I had to catch her red-handed. Besides, I did warn her. You warned her, Alice. I know you'll never forgive me for making you tell a dull story, but the object was to show the lady, as she was prepared to be shown, that I knew all about her accomplice and what he was up to. I watched her while you were telling it. She was badly shaken. But she pulled herself together. I could follow her reasoning. It *could* only be a fantastic coincidence. This silly old Colonel Blimp with his maunderings about saddles *couldn't* know anything about the Rosa d'oro replica which had been so lately completed at Pont de Moncroi. She made up her mind that I was an impressionable old fool and decided to make use of me in

Clouded Yellow

the Stroma Palace. Which proved to be a serious mistake."

"Dear Charles," said Mrs. Rodmersham fondly. "I'm the only one of your devoted friends who ever realizes how very, very clever you are."

"Nonsense," said the Colonel stoutly. "I'm not clever at all. Merely intelligent and unusually observant."

"No, clever," Mrs. Rodmersham insisted. "You were really clever over the butterfly man. Anyone else would have taken him for a genuine collector. Lots of people do collect butterflies, you know."

Colonel Chaplin sighed.

"They don't collect butterflies that swarm over the whole of France, the whole of Italy and most of England," he said. "Appropriately enough, the specimen that this brilliant entomologist succeeded in capturing, the butterfly that adorns the Rosa d'oro, was a common or garden clouded yellow."

END

This Perfumed Age (*Continued from page* 15)

female sex, the harsh fact is that they're in business to make money. And there's money in smells produced for industry which has problems entirely unrelated to the sex game.

The British chocolate manufacturers found that out lately. They produced large consignments of fine chocolates for the American market. Back came cases of these hopeful exports. It wasn't only a question of centres. The American chocolate makers, competing among themselves, had earlier added something extra—perfume. The Americans have come to like, and expect, perfumed chocolates. So the British product fell down. It smelled too much like ordinary good chocolate.

Here, perhaps, the country-squire reader will pause to snort. "These over-indulged Yanks! Perfumed chocolates, indeed!" He probably doesn't know that he's in the same boat, and that when he lifts his after-dinner goblet of old Napoleon brandy, and, a connoisseur, inhales with anticipatory rapture the incomparable aroma, the good plain Frenchman from the land of brandy jeers at the Englishman's depraved taste, and laughs at the trade tricks which enable the brandy purveyors to get a high price from the British market for liquor the French sophisticates would not touch.

The French sophisticate chooses a good white cognac. The Briton, who began to acquire his taste back in Napoleonic and Grand Tour times, wants colour and bouquet added. A friendly wine steward once explained it to me with the aid of a Napoleon brandy which was the highest priced on his list. He rinsed out a goblet with the liqueur and held it under my nose. What did I smell? I smelt vanilla. Right. It was vanilla that added the "Old Napoleon" touch. Oh, the brandy was all right. Of the very best. It was just that, pure, undoctored, it wouldn't please. The customer wanted it "all dressed up." He got what he wanted.

MEN more than women are contributing to the velocity of the rise in the perfume-consumption curve on the post-war map. They have invaded the nice-smell market as women have invaded the cigarette market. Mostly, it's inadvertent or unconscious. Stuff they use—shaving-soap, after-shaving lotions, talcum, toothpaste, hair lotions, toilet soap, mouth-wash—is given a carefully and cunningly-designed odour, which the purveyors know, or believe, will attract the male user shopping around, and choosing between rival brands.

But women are contributing, too, and in fields far removed from perfumes to enhance their personal attractions. A fast-increasing number of specialized researchers are earning good livings now analysing the perfumes that people of both sexes like, and dislike, and going on to profound studies of the emotional stimulii caused by certain smells and combinations of smells. In a crude way the movie people are exploiting the simpler discoveries. The exploiters of particular films privately advise the big up-to-date theatres to spray pine, or orange-blossom, or some such faint perfume—a weak dilution of a synthetic scent—into the dark back of the theatre, whence it drifts over the heads and into the noses of the audience, giving them an extra emotional kick during the scenes, and causing them to lose themselves more deeply in the canned dream they're taking in through eyes, ears, and now noses.

Curious discoveries are being made about the modern sophisticate's preference in perfume. The notion that they wish to smell like rose gardens in June, or dewy violets in spring woods, is a figment of the male imagination and a measure of his ignorance of female psychology. They don't want their admirers to associate them with anything so obvious and ubiquitous. They like to waft a faint but pervasive aroma which is at once curious yet fascinating, intriguing, individual, and, preferably, lingering.

THE most fabulous things now go into the perfumes concocted for to-day's Cleopatras, Phrynes and du Barrys. Frankincense from Palestine and Arabia, patulo leaves from the East Indies, petitgrass from Paraguay, and dark green mint from English gardens. Essence pressed from the peel only of Sicilian lemons, orris stockroot from south Italy, and geranium leaves—no flowers—from north Africa and Madagascar. Sweet, close-grained, yellow sandalwood from India, and oil of cinnamon from the bark of louraceous trees grown in China and Ceylon. Greenish-gold canangium odoratum (y'lang y'lang, to you) from the Philippines, and white jasmine blossoms picked in the dewy dawn in the gardens of the hill villages around Grasse, and coumarin yielded by the tonka beans of Paraguay.

From Abyssinia, in buffalo horns sealed with fat, comes the honey-coloured substance which the black-banded grey civet cat secretes into a sac for its own uses, and the ultra-fashionables of Europe and America, 1949 model, steal for their own purposes. It has a foul smell in the horn container, but a breath of it goes into every costly perfume to impart that lingering, bitter-sweet and faintly sexy quality that the poets sing about, and the women swear by, and that is supposed to enslave strong men more effectively than the love potion that Tristram swallowed.

Laboratories are taking the faint paraffin smell out of the wax paper used to wrap fresh foods, by impregnating the paper with a stronger and pleasanter odour. If the local flower shop sends you a circular soliciting your custom, don't be surprised to find it brings the mingled scents of cut flowers into your room. That doesn't come out of the flower shop; it comes out of a paper mill by way of a perfume factory.

Among the more advanced researches are those relating to the effect of odours on the different senses, and even on the entire nervous system. (*Continued on page* 56)

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excitement in the air . . . of
bewitchment created by you with
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THE NEWEST "Waukeezi"

"CYNTHIA"—An elegant, combination leather model for any smart occasion. This light walking shoe is in selected suede with calf trimmings.

If this model is out of stock there will be other WAUKEEZI styles at your Agents.

"Waukeezi" TRIM-TRED

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THE WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD., NORTHAMPTON
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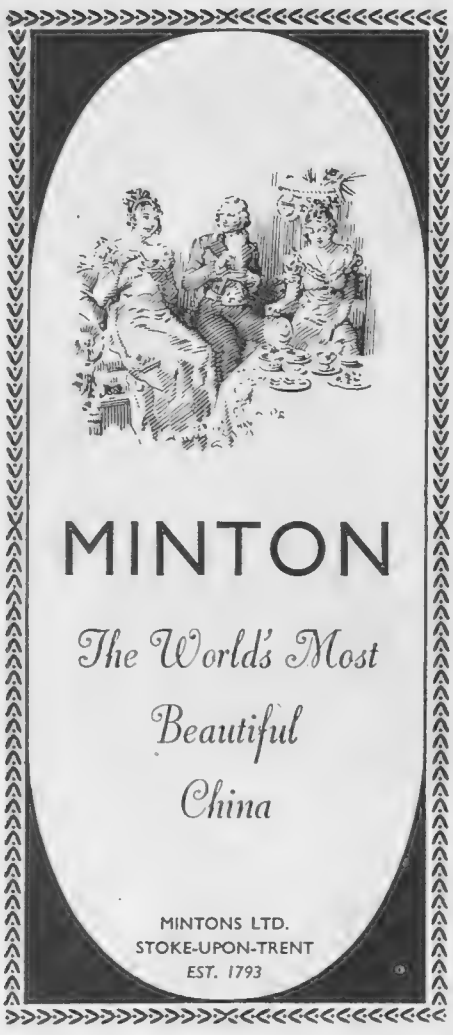
How right they are! Weston's Chocolate Table Fingers

Exactly the right kind of velvety chocolate to cover exactly the right kind of crispy biscuit! There's perfect agreement between the two in Weston's Chocolate Table Fingers—and you get 20 or more in a quarter-pound (though supplies are still limited, alas!)

Weston's BISCUITS



If there really is anything in the results of long, patient group tests, it may be that in the future instead of taking an appetizer into the stomach and blood-stream, by swallowing a gin-and-mixed, or dry sherry, we shall carry it into the brain by way of a whiff or two of magnolia. It is also possible that as a nerve soother aspirin may be chased off the market by little smelling-bottles containing a solution of cape jasmine.

Far as this new exploitation process has already gone, it seems only in its infancy. The researchers see almost no end to their exploration of the new science of aromatics. They envisage a world from which all evil or unpleasant smells have vanished, a world in which varied but delightful and stimulating odours greet one at all hours, through all the daily activities, and all kinds of unsuspected objects—things like locomotives and airplanes and tables and woollen pants and milk bottle caps and motor car upholstery and woollen socks, and pillows and window curtains.

END

The New Society

(*Continued from page* 13)

that region belonging to the Whitelaw Reids.

When Ana Pauker became the big boss in Bucarest, putting her pal Dmitrov back a step, did that vengeful female live in one of the homes of the people? She might have done, using a palace to work in by day. Instead she picked out a forty-seven roomed palace to give audiences in, ex-King Carol's villa in the capital in which to reside (dodging twixt the two made for safety), and a castle out at Sinaia, in which to relax.

The new ruling class has got its dignity to keep up. When a Molotov goes down to the sea, he takes the "posh" suite in the *Mary* or *Elizabeth*, and it's the same on land and in the air—*wagons-lit* or special trains, the last thing in luxury car models, and air-liners that lack only the proverbial hot and cold running chambermaids.

The New Elite must get around—yes, yes—but can it resist going the way of all flesh-pots? As if to cover themselves, they are ever ready to outdo the Cæsars in distributing bread and circuses to the class whose managers, mouthpieces, and Statemen, they are. Statemen—that's a good word for the lot of them—without the "s."

"More jam for the boys." That's the ticket!

Shorter hours, higher pay,
Jam to-day, that's the way.

Statemen—and women—can be pretty good themselves at relaxing. They can do themselves proud, bowling round in luxury models, attending conferences and congresses, official luncheons and banquets. Usually some titbits can be co-opted and the *bonhomie* will be infectious.

It is easy to tackle the chance of frowning in from the summit. So many excuses lie ready to hand for moving around: speech-making, "talks," planning, visits of investigation and goodwill tours. Perhaps the cream is lapped by those of the New Elite who have springs to their heels and are constantly finding cause—and funds—to hop this way and that on the Continent.

To-day the born traveller should be a trade union official. The vicissitudes of travel in the penned-up age are smoothed over, while there's always a rousing get-together at the other end, and plenty of scope to see the sights from the back of a limousine. What's more, it all goes down to expenses.

I KNOW this sounds like sour grapes in some ears. Yet that's not it at all. I only wish to heaven the whole lot of us could get around. I learnt that finally on Lake Constance a year or two ago. I learnt that a place of beauty can be depressing, indeed, when bereft of the eyes that would enjoy it.

No; my feeling is other in this matter. There's no call to criticize the New Elite for cashing in on its succession to the merchants and the millowners; only for the pretence it makes that it is "different."

The chief difference I can see is that the managers and the mouthpieces of "the workers" are far more exclusive than ever were the factory *nouveaux riches* and the bankers who thrived on a utilitarian philosophy and were at the core of the great ruling middle-class of the Victorian Era. They were mixers, even as, two centuries and more before them, the newly risen merchants insinuated themselves into the landed gentry, successors of the feudal barons, and so formed the new governing class of that distant day.

A leading characteristic of English society down the centuries has been its capacity to absorb new classes as these arose. Whether that can happen again is more than doubtful. The whole framework may have become too impaired on this latest occasion, too great stresses may have been put upon it, to allow of the time-honoured recuperative process.

That's where I look to the drones. It's disconcerting, writing about drones, inasmuch as one never quite knows how far one may be a drone oneself. No matter! I lift a glass to Mary Grant, of Kessock, Inverness, for she seems to give out hope. I don't know who she is, from Adam, but this is her view:

"Drones are most useful members of the bee world. They are not only pleasant creatures of charming appearance, loving the sun and the good things of life, but ready, when the time comes, to do their duty efficiently at the cost of their lives. It is true that the workers set upon them in the fall of the year and exterminate them ruthlessly, but by the spring they have realized their mistake and hasten to reproduce them. We owe whatever honey we get equally to the queen bee, the workers and the drones."

Let the New Elite put that in its pipe and smoke it.

END

Invalid Fare

(*Continued from page* 47)

Hollandaise sauce and potato creamed with milk. Pour sauce over fish when you serve it.

For sauce, make ½ pint white sauce, remove from heat. Stir in yolk of 1 egg or 1 reconstituted egg, well-beaten and then add about 1 tablespoonful lemon juice drop by drop to avoid curdling. Repeat without boiling, stirring all the time.

BOILED SWEETBREADS

Blanch sweetbreads with boiling water and soak for about an hour. Remove any skin and trim. Cook in boiling water, simmering about 45 minutes. Serve with white sauce using some of the stock and milk. Accompany it with peas or green vegetable.

MILK MOULD WITH LEMON JELLY

Prepare a quarter of a pint of lemon flavoured jelly. Pour nearly half into the bottom of a small mould or basin (¾ pint size). Leave remainder to set and prepare mould as follows: Boil a ¼ pint of milk with the rind of ½ lemon dropped in. Put a dessertspoonful of sugar in a bowl. Pour milk into sugar, stir well till dissolved. Add ½ oz. gelatine dissolved in a tablespoon of hot water. Stir again and return to pan, simmer on very low flame about 5 minutes. Leave to cool and when beginning to set pour into mould on top of jelly. Serve with remaining jelly heaped roughly round.

Milk puddings or custards flavoured with orange make a change of flavour for the patient—and if you are trying to introduce much milk into diet, porridge or tea and even Bovril may be made with milk.

Cutlets steamed instead of grilled are good with a sauce made from fresh tomato puree.

END

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TO your family and friends, write simply, from the heart. Your letters reflect a background they remember—the quietness of home, the evenings spent by the fire when you peacefully discussed the day's happenings. And as carefully as you select your words, so you select your notepaper. There is no better choice than Basildon Bond. It makes writing, *and reading*, a pleasure; its quality has remained extremely high, its price remarkably low. Ask for Basildon Bond by name.

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The Provost

(*Continued from page* 19)

On the other sat the opposition—Sim, alight with a gamin bravado; Fiddes with his long, serio-comic face and his shining white dome; Councillor Cleghorn, a great roaring bull of a man, by profession an auctioneer. Councillor Maclagan sat a little apart, gloomily gazing at his boots; his wife had been nervy and snappish all day; his child was off his feed; he had lost the High Street contract; it was a hard world for Maclagan. As for the Provost in the chair, he was, according to his habit, licking his thumb to turn over the pages of the agenda; contrary to his habit, he was slipping under the walrus moustache a small flat pill. It was his fourth since midday. He dare not take another.

"Well, gentlemen," his familiar grating voice broke out—that at least was as strong as ever—"Well, gentlemen, the first item is the Minutes o' the meetin' held on twenty-fourth May. These have been printed and circulated. We will hold them as read. Are they a correct copy of the proceedin's?"

Shearer, Reekie, Ritchie and Gibb said with one voice, "Agreed!" But Sim was on his feet in a flash.

"I object, Mister Provost. The Clerk has forgot to send me my copy. I've never seen these Minutes. I want them read."

The Town Clerk, a most conscientious official, was taken by surprise and fell into the trap; he too leapt to his feet.

"That's impossible, Bailie. The Minutes were sent to all members as usual."

"Not to *me*, Mr. Biddle."

"They must have been, Bailie."

"They were not."

They wrangled over it sharply or a couple of minutes; they would have wrangled longer but the Provost's fist came down on the table.

"Read the Minutes, Mr. Biddle."

The Clerk gabbled through the printed pages, but go as he liked, they ran to seven and a half minutes. Sim squinted through his fingers at the Provost; he was sitting quiet but he looked a little grey and hopeless; "He's tumbling to it," Sim thought. "Fine!" As the Clerk's gabble came to an end, he lifted half an eyebrow at Fiddes. The Dean of Guild rose.

"Now that I hear these Minutes read, Mister Provost, I find that in one of them I have been rather seriously misreported. It is in item——"

Once again the outraged Town Clerk rose to the bait.

"That's quite an impossible thing, Dean of Guild."

"It's happened, anyway. In item——"

"I am personally responsible for these Minutes, Dean of——"

"Then you are personally responsible for a gross error."

Biddle, flustered, began to babble. "This—this is a very serious accusation. I—I deny that there is any error, gross or otherwise. I must explain to the Council how these records are prepared." He explained—for a full three minutes. "Mr. Provost, I appeal to you——"

"*I* appeal," said Fiddes, brushing him aside. "Surely, Mister Provost, I am within my rights in rising to make a correction in the Council's records. The portion to which I refer is in item seven on page three. I am there reported as having said. . . ."

He went on at great length to explain just what he was reported to have said. Goudie sat back in his chair, motionless; he saw the game now—but he had half expected it. All right; all right! . . . Fiddes came to an end for sheer lack of material; but of course, as Sim had hoped, there was a fool in the Provost's camp. It was Reekie, the Treasurer; no sooner had Fiddes exhausted himself than, red with fury, stuttering in his excitement, Reekie got up to insist long-windedly that Fiddes had spoken precisely as recorded. Reekie was a friend of the Town Clerk and let himself go. "Dean of Guild Fiddes has the impudence—— "

Up Cleghorn! "Mister Provost, is it right for the Treasurer to accuse the Dean of Guild of impudence?" Babel; uproar; all shouting at once. Delay, delay, the vital time passing. . . . Goudie heaved himself wearily out of his chair.

"I will put the question to the vott. Is it the wish o' the meetin' that the Minutes be amended as desired by Dean of Guild Fiddes? Those in favour." Sim, Fiddes, Cleghorn, Maclagan. "Those against." Goudie, Shearer, Reekie, Ritchie, Gibb. "The Minutes will stand as printed, May I now take these Minutes as a correct record of the proceedin's?"

Agreed at last. But Sim, glancing at the clock, saw that it was a quarter to four. Forty-five minutes wasted; not bad for a routine item. Not bad at all. Keep it up, boys; keep it up!

Friday, 3-45 p.m.

THE Provost had sat for some seconds staring at the blotting-pad in front of him; it was not lost on Sim that Bailie Shearer, sitting on Goudie's left, touched his arm and pointed to the agenda paper. For the first time in his long life, Adam Goudie was asking himself, "Am I beat?" There are fifteen items on the agenda, he thought; leaving out the main battle altogether, six of these are Committee reports; they can go on moving amendments on these till midnight. . . . He glanced at the note Bailie Shearer had scribbled on the blotter—"Shall I move to adjourn?"—and shook his head angrily. No, no; never that; we'll fight it out; whichever side moves the adjournment, thought the Provost, I'll vote it down. . . . He picked up the agenda paper; when he spoke his voice was still strong, his "r's" rolled and crackled at their best.

"Item Two. Minute of the Lands and Parks Committee. . . . Bailie Sim."

Sim got up perkily as a sparrow, setting the lapels of his coat. He threw a great wad of papers on the table before him and watched Goudie's half-closed eyes follow the movement.

"Mister Provost! I have much pleasure in moving the Minute of the Lands and Parks Committee. You will observe that the main recommendation of the Committee relates to the utilization of the site known in Balbirnie as the Bombed Site in the High Street, though of course we all know very well that it was never a bombed site at all. With your permission, Mister Provost, I would like to say a few words on this."

For the first time the Provost fired a shot. "Subject to Standin' Order Ten, Bailie."

Sim preened himself. "I think I am as well aware of Standing Order Ten as you are, Mister Provost. Under Standing Order Ten the mover of a resolution may speak for up to twenty minutes and his seconder may speak for fifteen, and after that others wishing to support him may speak for ten. That means, Mister Provost, that me and my friends here have fifty-five minutes at our disposal if we wish. Call it an hour. An hour, Mister Provost, an *hour*. That will be quite enough for *us*, Mister Provost. . . . As I was about to say, I would like to go a little into the history of this matter. . . ."

Sim took his twenty minutes. He took in fact nearer twenty-five. When he sat down at last, there was an appreciable interval before Goudie seemed to realize that he had finished; Shearer had to prod him again. Then——

"It is moved that—that the Minute of the Lands and Parks Committee be approved in full. Does anybody second that?"

Up Fiddes, also with a wad of papers and suave as syrup. "I have no doubt, Mister Provost, that there will be a great deal of controversy over this question and points will be raised to which we shall have to reply at some length in due course. But even at this stage, in seconding the motion, I have a few observations to make."

. . . He made them, smoothly, for his statutory fifteen minutes. And now, thought Sim exultantly, come on, Mister Goudie, come on, My Lord Provost, and move your amendment. Let's hear from *you*. He looked at the clock; four twenty-seven. Grand!

The Provost got to his feet this time very slowly (*Continued on page* 61)

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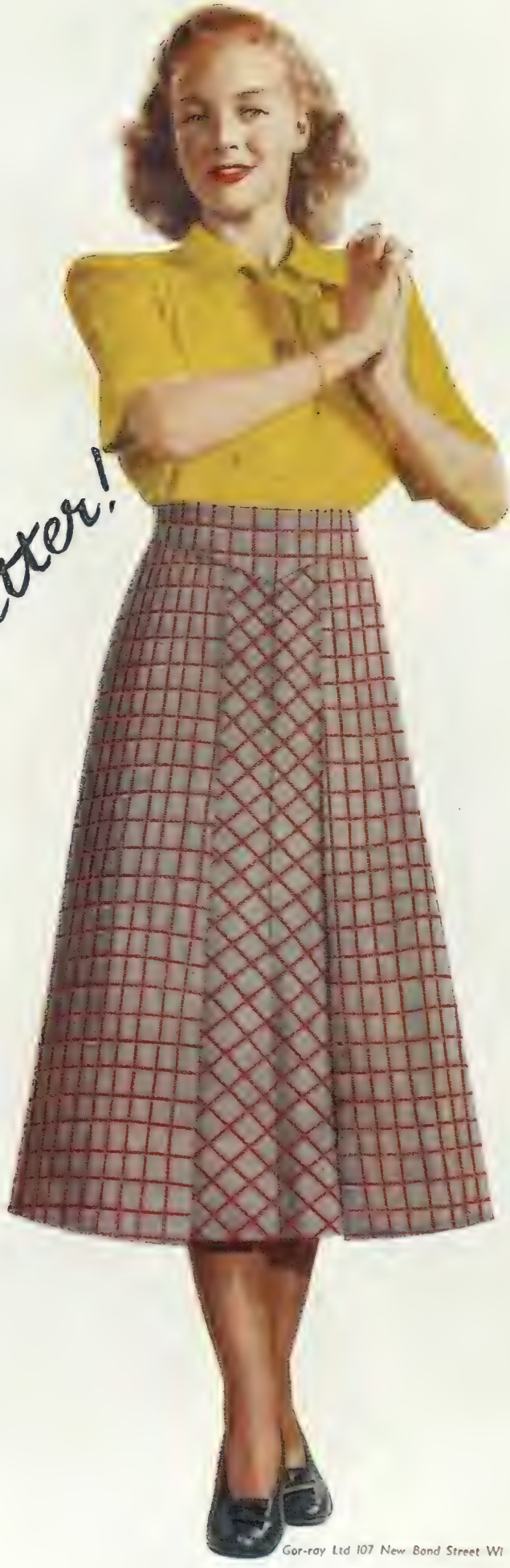

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indeed; one pudgy hand felt and groped among the papers on the table; the walrus moustache seemed to quiver; the heavy eyelids drooped. He was, in fact, very nearly done; for one happy moment Sim thought he was going to pitch forward on his face. But once on his feet, he rallied, straightened, groped his way into speech.

"Gentlemen. . . . Gentlemen . . . I am going to move . . . I am going to move an amendment . . . an amendment to that motion. . . . I am going to move——"

Came Cleghorn's brutal roar, "But ye're *no'* moving', Provost!" The lizard eyes swivelled towards him as if trying to understand who he was and what he had said. The voice, which was now a very old voice, began afresh.

"I—I don't find it necessary to go into the —the historicals—of all this like—like some folks. Anyway—anyway—anyway—I'm no' goin' into that now. I want to move an amendment. I want to move—I want to move——"

Cleghorn, who was enjoying himself, bawled something again. Sim thought, Criffins! he *is* finished; in another moment he'll be down. But he saw that Shearer had written something on a piece of paper and pushed it along the table under the Provost's nose. Like a man in a dream the Provost read it aloud.

"I move—I move—that the Boamed Site be used as a Old Folks Home."

He went back into his chair with a crash; but Shearer was writing again industriously, pushing the paper in front of him, prodding his elbow. Once again, by what seemed a miracle, the Provost got up.

"Does—anybody—second—that?"

Up Shearer, who had at last realized that time, the smallest fractions of time, were vital.

"I second that." Short and sweet—and another paper pushed before the Provost's wandering eyes; the pudgy old hand closed upon it.

"I now propose . . . put this question to—the vott."

Sim snapped his fingers; Fiddes dutifully rose, leisurely, at ease, a man with unlimited hours before him.

"Before you put this question to the vote, Mister Provost, I must claim the right to speak against the amendment which has been proposed and seconded. The amendment, Mister Provost—so far as I could understand your very brief and—er—*un*eloquent words —is to the effect. . . ."

The Provost, breathing heavily, felt for the arms of his chair, found them and went back into his seat with a heavier crash than before. Fiddes, slipping one hand into his pocket, settled himself for a nice long speech. And this time, surely, the finisher. K.O. by Fiddes—or if not Fiddes, then definitely Cleghorn. Victory!

It was at this point that Mrs. Maclagan, in the gallery, could bear it no longer; she crept from her place and down the stairs and out into the clean, decent, healthy, wholesome street.

Friday, 4-35 p.m.

FOR the first few minutes Mrs. Maclagan's eyes were blinded by tears and she saw nothing. The brutes; the beasts! The poor old Provost! Why didn't the silly old man adjourn while he still had the breath left? And why didn't Dave Maclagan, sitting there like a stook, see the dirty game his side was playing? *He* wouldn't have stood for it; he wasn't that kind. But—he never saw anything. . . .

Mrs. Maclagan became aware that her blind wanderings had carried her some distance up the street and alongside the little garden Balbirnie still called the Bleaching Green—though nobody bleached anything on it now. The Bleaching Green was unoccupied save for a single repressed-looking small boy aimlessly kicking about a football. Master Colin Sim. There he was in a nice new suit, his hair plastered, contriving somehow to reproduce the worst parts of both his parents. Mrs. Maclagan's fury suddenly switched its target. You little brat! she thought; *you'll* get your seaside holiday all right this year—*oh*, yes. *You'll* be bathing and paddling while my Bobbie's in the back streets of Balbirnie. And your screechin' mammy with you; oh, yes; *veh-hy* enjoyable. . . .

An extraordinary expression came suddenly into Mrs. Maclagan's face; a blend of hate and terror and—yes—triumph. There was a public call-box on the Bleaching Green. She made a dash for it.

Friday, 4-40 p.m.

GEORGE PIRIE, the Council Officer, was sitting in his little cubicle at the foot of the Chamber stairs half asleep when the jarring of the telephone bell jerked him into life. With a smothered curse he picked up the receiver and instantly his ear was stunned by a familiar falsetto shriek.

"This is Mrs. Sim speaking."

"I can hear that," said Mr. Pirie jocularly; but the smile faded from his face. "Eh?" he said; and "What? . . . Good Goad! . . . Oh mercy me! . . . Mercy on us! . . . Yes, yes, I will. . . . This instant." He crashed down the receiver, dragged on his blue uniform coat and went up the stairs three at a time and into the Chamber.

In the Chamber Dean of Guild Fiddes was beginning to think he had kept up his wicket long enough and might hand over to Cleghorn. Bailie Sim was sitting back, fanning himself with the agenda paper and gazing contentedly at the ceiling. The Provost, Pirie saw, was slumped in his chair, rather grey in the face, staring under his eyelids at Fiddes. But Pirie had no time for the Provost; at a tiptoe run he made for Bailie Sim and whispered urgently in his ear.

The effect was electrical. Sim dropped his agenda paper, his arms fell to his sides, his mouth flew open, he gazed round him, suddenly stricken. For a moment it seemed that he would faint; then he got to his feet, white-faced, trembling, utterly shattered. Fiddes, with wide eyes and a wry mouth, sat down hurriedly.

"Mister Provost . . . Gentlemen. . . . I'm —I'm very sorry. . . . I—I must interrupt. . . . I've just heard from my wife . . . my little boy Colin . . . he's been run down by a motor. . . . Will ye please excuse me. . . ." He rushed from the room, Pirie at his heels.

There was a moment of complete consternation; Councillor looked into Councillor's face; what on earth was to be done now? Then Fiddes, a quicker thinker than most, rose again to his feet. There was nothing to be done, thought Fiddes, but carry on with the plan and—hope.

"I am sure, Mister Provost, we are all of us extremely shocked and horrified by this distressing occurrence. But I think the business of the Council must go on pending further information. I may be permitted to resume what I was saying. I was about to observe——"

He had got so far when honest, slow, stupid good-hearted Dave Maclagan moved at last—tardily but fatally and finally. He got up in his slow, lumbering way, looking round him with his puzzled bovine face.

"On a point of order, Mister Provost. I don't think this meetin' can go on. I canna sit here an' go on wi't an' neither can any other one. I move that this meetin' do forthwith adjourn."

The Provost had sat through it all immobile as an alligator—and as watchful; but now there crept into the lizard eyes a sudden depth of fiendish glee. He recovered amazingly. He got up almost briskly, tottered a little, took firm hold of the edge of the table.

"It is moved that this meetin' do adjourn. Is that seconded?"

Silence. Nobody, on either side, was going to second that.

"The motion is losst. . . . I agree that this meetin' should not continue. But let us first dispose of the business immediately before us. . . . I will put the original motion to the vott. It is moved that the Minute of the Lands and Parks Committee be adopted as it stands. Those in favour."

Fiddes, shrugging his shoulders resignedly; Cleghorn, glaring like a bull in the ring; Maclagan in a maze.

"Those against." Goudie, Shearer, Reekie, Ritchie, Gibb. "I (*Continued on page* 62)

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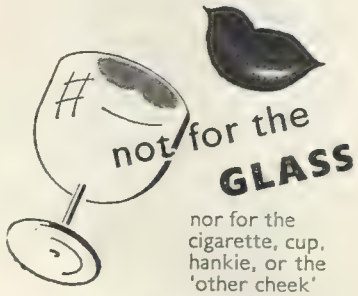

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declare the motion lost . . . I will now"—the husky old voice began to swell again but the grip on the table tightened—"I will now put the amendment to the vote. The amendment is—that the Boamed Site be utilized for an Old Folks Home. . . . Those in favour. . . . Those against. . . . *Carried!*"

There was a clatter of feet on the stone stairs; the door of the Chamber burst open and in burst Sim. He was gasping for breath, the sweat was pouring down his face, his collar was unbuttoned, he was *in extremis*. He well might be; he had run all the way to Cluny Villa and back; and the life of a ladies'

outfitter, however successful, is no training for marathons.

Clinging to the door and pointing at the Provost, he broke into shrill speech.

"You did this! It was *you*, damn ye! I'll——"

But the Provost, with a beatific smile on his face, was sliding gracefully under the table. He could afford that—now.

He could afford also to smile.

END

To Match Your Spring Suit

(*Continued from page* 36)

making the last buttonhole in the ribbed border 2 rows before the next shaping neck. Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row, then work for 2 ins., at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows.

Return to the 60 sts. on spare needle. Work these 60 sts. to correspond with the right front omitting buttonholes in ribbed border and working shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 74 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. (inc. 1 st.) (75 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles.

1st row.—Work 27 sts. k., 21 sts. open patt., work 27 sts. k.

2nd row.—P. 27 sts., 21 sts. open patt. 27 sts. p.

Work for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 89 sts. on needle and sleeve measures 6 in. from cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 35 sts. remain. Cast off remaining sts.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles, cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 4 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and stocking stitch (one row k., one row p.). Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 110 sts., and when work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows, k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 88 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 10 sts., at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

COLLAR

With No. 12 needles, cast on 130 sts. Knit 2 rows garter stitch. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 1¼ ins., keeping 2 sts. at each end in garter stitch. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth (not the ribbing at welt and sleeves). Sew up side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on collar. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

Striped In Grey And Yellow

(*Continued from page* 36)

buttonhole border. When work measures 5 ins. from cast on edge, join on grey shade with a purl row. (1st stripe). Continue to work in the following stripes:

1st stripe.—grey (1½ ins.).
2nd stripe.—yellow (2½ ins.).
3rd stripe.—grey (1½ ins.).
4th stripe.—yellow (2¼ ins.).
5th stripe.—grey (1½ ins.).
6th stripe.—yellow (1 in.).
7th stripe.—grey (1 in.).
8th stripe.—yellow (½ in.).

The Yoke is worked in all grey.

At the same time, work buttonholes and shape as follows:

Work 2 rows of first stripe, make first buttonhole in the ribbed border. Rib 4 cast off 3, rib 3. Work to end of row. Next row: Work back to ribbed border. Rib 3, cast on 3, rib 4. Continue making further eleven more buttonholes 1 in. apart in the ribbed border. When the 6th row of first stripe has been worked, dec. 1 st. at the side edge on the next and every 4th row following until 63 sts. Then inc. on the next side edge row and every 6th row following until 69 sts. again, and work measures 15 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Work for 5 ins. on the remaining sts.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row, work for 2 ins. at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 33 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Cast off the remaining 9 sts.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front, omitting buttonholes in the ribbed border, changing shades with a k. row and shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES (All grey.)

With No. 12 needles, cast on 52 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 3 ins. (cast on 1 st.) (53 sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and classic rib. Work 6 rows then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 91 sts. When sleeve measures 17½ ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Then cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 31 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on with grey wool 134 sts. Rib 1 in. in k. 1, p. 1. Make buttonhole: Rib 4, cast off 3, rib to end of row.

Next row.—Rib back, cast on 3, rib 4. Work one more row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth on the wrong side. Sew up side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neck band. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

END

schweppervescence

lasts the whole drink through

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

Preserve your carpets with
THE CLEANER THAT HAS
EVERY ADVANTAGE..

	'NEWMAID'	The Electric Way
CLEANS BY SUCTION	✓	✓
SWEEPS BY REVOLVING BRUSH	✓	SOME
ADJUSTABLE FOR THICK OR THIN CARPETS AND FOR LINO	✓	SOME
LIGHT WEIGHT	✓	SOME
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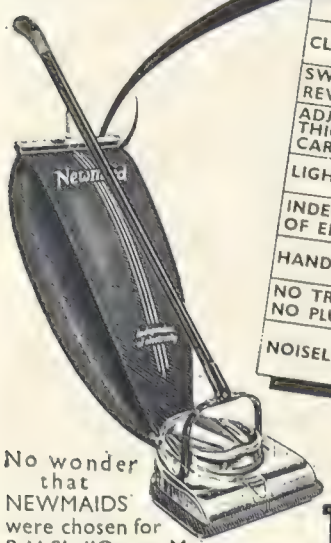
HANDINESS FOR DAILY USE	✓	
NO TRAILING WIRES NO PLUGGING-IN	✓	
NOISELESS OPERATION	✓	



No wonder that NEWMAIDS were chosen for R.M.S's "Queen Mary" "Queen Elizabeth" and "Caronia"

At a price for *all* homes £6 5s. 4d. From Ironmongers, Furnishers and Department Stores.

NEWMAID

Independent of electricity

BURRAGE & BOYDE, LTD., NORTHAMPTON

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New Zealand

quality products

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LAMB · BEEF · PORK · BUTTER · CHEESE

WHEN IT'S TOO LATE TO AVOID A

COLD

you may still manage to reduce its duration and discomfort by taking Serocalcin.

Many people find Serocalcin very effective in PREVENTING colds. Just as many find that the use of Serocalcin in the treatment dosage is an efficient aid in cutting short a cold when preventive measures are too late.

Treatment of an existing cold

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold, this often clears up an attack in 3 or 4 days.

Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

Prevention of colds

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months' immunity from colds.

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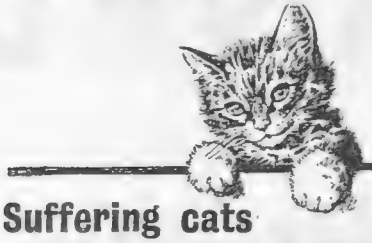
All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN *Regd.*

FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF COLDS



Suffering cats suffer in silence

Cats easily go off-colour—and when they do they keep it to themselves. They need a substitute for nature's medicines. Here's the answer—KARSWOOD CAT POWDERS! Tasteless and easy to give in food or drink—*regular* Karswood keeps pussy purring!

KARSWOOD cat POWDERS

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33, THURLOE STREET, S.W.7. *Tel.-KEN. 9352*

Oscar Wilde In Fleet Street

(*Continued from page 20*)

matter appearing in *The Woman's World* was commissioned. The wife of an ambassador was asked for a paper on "vegetarianism." This subject, she was told, is "connected with modern atheism, nihilism, and socialism. . . . Brussels sprouts seem to make people positively bloodthirsty." Other suggestions for articles were also made to Mrs. Alfred Hunt and her daughter.

OSCAR WILDE'S own contributions took the form of a monthly column dealing with "Literature and other Matters." These were always readable, especially when they discussed novelists and poets who were afterwards to develop talent.

Even when they arrived with their pockets obviously bulging with manuscripts, chance callers were always received courteously; and if a contribution was declined, a reason was always given. "I do not feel," one aspirant was told, "that a series of letters on fashionable life in the colonies, even from your able pen, would be quite acceptable, nor do I really care about anything on Lady Missionaries in the Far East." One visitor (but not a contributor) was Quiller Couch. "I was impressed," he said, "by Oscar's magnificent fur coat, trimmed with astrakhan collar and cuffs." He was not, however, by what was underneath it.

Although *The Woman's World* had started off with a flourish of trumpets, it was not long before the fanfare died down. There were many reasons for this. Perhaps the principal one was that Oscar Wilde was not a suitable editor. He lost interest in the work it entailed; he left letters unanswered; he stopped his own contributions; his attendance at the office became intermittent; and he seldom remained there for more than half an hour.

This led to reproaches from the head of the firm.

"You always make a point of leaving very early, Mr. Wilde," he said one day when he saw him putting on his coat and hat a few minutes after arriving.

"Yes," was the bland response (plagiarizing Charles Lamb) "but then I always make a point of arriving very late."

"And what about not attending to the correspondence? There have been many complaints on the subject."

"I think that any other course would be a mistake. I have known a number of young men of talent and promise who, by their absurd habit of answering letters have soon become complete nervous wrecks."

Advertisers showed themselves coy in availing themselves of the magazine's columns. The circulation, they said, was unsatisfactory. The manager, looking at the ever increasing stacks of "returns," shared this view.

"This won't do, Mr. Wilde," he said. "What can you suggest to improve the sales?"

The solution struck the editor as simple. "I am told," he said, "by experts whom I have consulted that the best course in such cases is to sell more copies."

As this was out of the question, it was not long before *The Woman's World* left this one. After keeping up the struggle for two years, the proprietors, tired of losing money, decided to stop it. The decision was received with equanimity.

"It doesn't worry me," returned Oscar, "I have other schemes with which to occupy myself."

"Pray, what sort of schemes, Mr. Wilde?"

"At the moment I am busy on a novel. It will be called *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. When it is finished you must let me send you a copy. Then I also have an idea for a play. Perhaps several plays. The name of the first one is *Lady Windermere's Fan*. I think it will suit George Alexander."

"Very interesting, but do you think that by these activities you will make more than the six guineas a week you have had from us as editor?"

"Just a little more, perhaps."

Prophetic words!

END

Animal Methuselahs

(*Continued from page 25*)

thought that size and longevity go together; the larger the animal the longer it will live. For mammals there is some substance in this belief. The tiny house-mouse has a life span of less than two years, the weasel may live to eight, and the domestic cat to twenty. But the heavy pachyderms—rhino, hippo and elephant—may all top forty. But there are too many exceptions to take size as indicative of age, as other than a very approximate guide to mammalian longevity.

Various other attempts have been made to find a formula by which reliable estimates of animal ages could be obtained. The best seems to be that, for mammals, the normal life span is roughly five times the period required to reach maturity. Applied to man this formula would give him a life span of about a hundred. It is certainly true that man is the longest-lived mammal of which there is reliable record. Major Flower gives 114 as the greatest authentic age for a human being.

Birds are among the longest-lived of all animals. This is all the more surprising because of the high-pressure lives they lead; both temperature and pulse-rate for birds being, on the whole, much higher than those for mammals. Some of the smaller and, as might be supposed, frailer birds, have comparatively long life spans. I have records of a canary living to twenty, a goldfinch to twenty-one, a skylark to twenty-four, a nightingale to a quarter of a century and a sugar-bird (one of the smallest of all birds) to the same age.

Some of the larger birds have lived for over half a century. There are records of a pelican and a condor both living to fifty-two, an eagle to fifty-six, an eagle-owl to sixty-eight, and a raven to sixty-nine.

But the longest-lived of all birds belong to the medium-sized parrot tribe. In extreme old age some parrots exhibit all the signs of human senility—baldness, loss of memory and failing senses.

From various reliable sources there are records of parrots topping the century. Among these are a grey parrot of a 100, an Amazonian parrot of 102, and an Australian slender-billed cockatoo of the same age. Incidentally, the oldest inhabitant of the London Zoological Gardens is a slender-billed cockatoo called Old Bill. He is at present ninety-eight. Another specimen of the same species has been in the same zoo for forty years and was believed to be about sixty when it arrived. The longest-lived bird of which there is authentic evidence appears to be a sulphur-crested cockatoo which died when it was believed to be just short of 140 years.

Great as this age is, it is not the all-time record for animals. This is held by a tortoise. Reptiles, that branch of the animal kingdom to which tortoises belong, vary greatly in longevity. Chameleons rarely survive in zoos more than a couple of years

Members of the tortoise family are notoriously long-lived. The small box turtle sometimes lives to over a hundred, and there is evidence that one specimen may have reached the age of 123. A Mediterranean tortoise has lived to 125. But the longest-lived tortoise, and the most ancient of all animals of which there is authentic record, is a Marion's tortoise which lived in the military barracks on Mauritius from 1766 to 1918 when it was killed by an accident at the age of at least 152. This tortoise became a national possession and was specifically mentioned in the treaty of 1810 when the French ceded Mauritius to Britain.

END

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ENDESS

Softer than Silk

SANITARY TOWELS

MORRISONS & RALPH LTD.
BARRHEAD, RENFREWSHIRE

Star Dust

(*Continued from page 28*)

gigantic fish was not only tight on his tail, but practically breathing down his neck.

Realizing that he couldn't possibly outdistance his pursuer in a straightaway race, the otter sensed that there were only two courses open to him—to break for the surface and take his chance there, or go still deeper and hope for the best. Deciding to stake everything on a desperate lunge for the depths, he jackknifed downward just as the shark went into the sinister roll that fish having his awkwardly-shaped mouth must make to bring their battery of teeth into action, and streaked for the bottom.

Boring down through the swiftly darkening water like a nose-diving torpedo, he suddenly levelled off and lost himself in a species of subterranean clover leaf. Expecting every second to feel the shark's eviscerating teeth tearing his flesh, he weaved in and out of nebulously glowing clumps of sea lilies till his straining lungs couldn't stand the punishment any longer. Churning up the mud with his hind feet, he elevated his nose and started for the surface at full speed.

Crashing through the swiftly changing nuances of the different depths without seeing any sign of the shark, he popped to the surface and was gulping down great lungfuls of the revitalizing air when he spotted his Nemesis, his great back fin aloft like a buccaneer's flag, surging down on him with the throttle wide open. Kicking out with his hind legs, he stroked frantically for a small patch of kelp nearby. Diving thankfully under the floating mass, he came up in its centre with a garland of spongy stalks perched askew on his head, and turned to watch his frustrated ambusher boil furiously away in search of less elusive quarry.

Needless to say, this unexpected brush with the hammerhead made a deep impression on the otter. Hitherto supreme in his field, the discovery that the sea sheltered a fish that could outswim him any day of the week shattered his ego and shocked him profoundly.

HAVING no desire to tangle with such a redoubtable antagonist again, he loitered behind the screening weed-stalks till the day faded and the sun had disappeared into the sea. Easing himself clear of the kelp that had given him sanctuary when he needed it most, he quartered the surface with his sharp eyes then got under way with a hard thrust of his muscular hind leg. He had had enough of big-headed fish with underslung jaws and ripping teeth, and was eager to put as much water as possible between them.

By daybreak, he was well beyond the shark's probable cruising range, but red-eyed and bone-weary from constant swimming. Bolting just enough sea urchins to take the edge off his hunger, he plunged into a weed patch and, burying his nose under the friendly stems, slept the clock around.

Rehabilitated by a few days rest, he slipped easily and smoothly into the familiar routine that fitted him like an old glove. The surrounding sea teemed with urchins, clams and shellfish, and he seldom missed a meal. Gorged with food, he would sprawl on his back in a convenient weed bed and croon softly to himself while idly tossing a kelp root from paw to paw.

THOUGH Star Dust wasn't aware of it, these carefree days were numbered. And just when he was convinced that he had found an Eden of his own, he was suddenly jolted out of his equanimity.

His supple body motionless in the water, with only his eyes showing above the surface, he was watching the antics of some gambolling whales, one day, when an electric something in the sea about him quickened his pulses. No longer interested in the whales, he raised his head and glanced hopefully at a small pocket of clouds collecting in the heavens.

The storm came up fast, beginning with a wind that lashed the sea to foam, and followed by driving sheets of rain. His whole being in complete harmony with the tumult, Star Dust shook off his lethargy and surged, joyously, out to meet the storm.

He was content, at first, to let the wind ruffle his silky fur and the rain patter on his back. But as the fury of the storm mounted he stepped up his own tempo, driving so furiously through the crashing waves he failed to observe the presence of an intruder till he collided, head on, with a big bull seal.

Star Dust's reflexes were instantaneous. Using the seal's gaunt flank as a springboard, he executed a lightning-fast back-flip, shallow-dived under the surface, and finally came up to glare balefully at the patriarchal *ursina*.

The beachmaster, as an old bull seal is sometimes called, was a veritable colossus and, in his prime, couldn't have weighed much less than 400 pounds. A strenuous summer on the breeding grounds had left its marks on him, however, thinning him down till he was, virtually, but a mere shadow of his usual robust self. Short-tempered and irascible, he blasted the otter with a roar that cut through the screaming wind, and lunged for him so suddenly the luckless otter was almost flattened by his bulk. Then, still bawling hoarsely, the gigantic beast straightened his scarred old body and ploughed away through the spume.

Still dazed by his narrow escape, Star Dust watched the swimmer's glistening head till it faded from view then struck out in the opposite direction, swimming steadily till the storm abated, and the blurred outlines of a small island loomed out of the mist.

IF the sight of land stirred any of his sluggish memories, Star Dust gave no sign of it. His hunger overcoming his natural repugnance, he cut into an inviting little bay, and started for the bottom. For once, however, his judgment played him false. There wasn't a mollusc to be found anywhere on the bottom. Urged on by his ravening hunger, he must have blundered around a subterranean ledge of some kind because he, suddenly, found himself in another bay full of clams.

Scooping up a couple of the biggest ones, he clasped them to his chest and started for the surface only to find the way barred by a net giving off an unmistakable human smell. Dropping the clams in a panic, he sheared off in another direction. It was no use. He was completely hemmed in by the obnoxious barrier. With that, the net began crowding and binding his quivering flanks, and before he could do anything about it he was whisked violently out of the water, swung aloft, and dumped ignominiously on the deck of a small schooner.

If Father Neptune himself had been entangled in the dripping net the crew of the schooner couldn't have been more surprised. Not quite sure what to make of the fabulously-furred prize, they were staring at him in open-mouthed wonder when two men with the lean, sunburned faces typical of scientists the world over, shouldered them aside.

"Well, what do you know," breathed the older of the two with kindling eyes, "a *Latix lustris*."

"What's that?" his companion wanted to know with a frown.

"A sea otter—and a beauty."

"Swell. We'll skin and pickle him for the Zoology boys."

The senior scientist shook his head. "We're collecting fish specimens, not mammals," he growled. And, signalling to the winchman, he spread the sides of the net as it rose from the deck and spilled the otter into the sea.

Momentarily stunned by the fall, Star Dust sprawled inertly in the water and blinked up at the row of staring faces lining the schooner rail. Then, relieved at finding his limbs responding to his will, he put them in motion and streaked for the familiar depths, where he would be safe from such obnoxious things as sharks and humans.

END

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is caused by unusual motion which deranges the organs of balance. 'Mothersill's' quickly counteracts this effect, strengthens the susceptible nerve centres and neutralizes dryness of the throat.

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Obtainable at leading Chemists everywhere

15 perfumes!

from all over the world blend to produce its glorious fragrance. This silk-soft powder gives comfort and daintiness to the most sensitive skin.

Cuticura TALCUM

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

earth is theirs! That is the nightmare fantasy of Roald Dahl's **"Sometime Never"** (Collins, 8s. 6d.); but even in so original a satire he mustn't write of "a stubble field where the *hay* had been cut."

Dennis Wheatley's nightmare in **"The Haunting of Toby Jugg"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) concerns devil-worship, black masses and murder in an old Welsh castle, with love defeating villainy in a thriller melodrama of *The Devil Rides Out* type.

FOUR "historicals" should please lovers of period romance. Kenneth Roberts's **"Captain Caution"** (Collins, 9s. 6d.) is a Hornblower sort of adventure in the nineteenth-century actions between American and British ships, by the author of *North-West Passage*. In **"Fool's Gold"** (Rich and Cowan, 10s. 6d.) W. Townend spins a tough, dramatic yarn of the California-Mexican border and Barbary Coast in the quick-on-the-draw days. Two love stories—one of a U.S. war correspondent who comes to London in 1807 and falls for an English girl—provide the colourful interest in Elswyth Thane's **"Ever After"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.). Louis de Wohl goes back to the raping, looting Huns and their attack on the west in his vivid **"Attila"** (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.). Plenty of "escape" to far-away long ago in these.

A STORY primarily of woman-interest is Vicky Lancaster's **"So Many Worlds"** (Hale, 8s. 6d.), for it portrays the divergent lives of three sisters: Cressida, religious and given to good works; passionate Allegra, falsely convicted of the murder of her lover's wife; Fernande, staff writer for a "pi" journal, *The Upward Path*, and its "madonna-faced" editress! A sister life-sentenced for murder naturally creates problems for the other two—until the tangle is straightened out on a note of hope

MISS PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON is a novelist who places character and psychology above mere plot, though she can spin a story as deftly as any. In **"A Summer to Decide"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), the last of a trilogy, she is concerned mainly with the reactions of two normally decent wives to waster husbands who work up a motor trade racket which eventually lands them in jail. One is the daughter of Helena, dominant personality of the previous volumes, who dies early in this one but remains a spiritual inspiration. The story satisfies because it touches social and spiritual problems and values symptomatic of our time.

MISS I. A. R. WYLIE has been writing consistently for probably forty years, yet her latest, **"Where No Bird Sings"** (Cassell, 8s. 6d.) has the vigour of youth, which is its theme: a U.S. paratroop sergeant in post-war Germany who becomes implicated with a German girl once the "Beast of Lichtenau" death-camp, now linked with the Nazi underground. Their diverse upbringing, the love that speeds them to a tragic ending, make a poignant, dramatic tale.

ROMANTICALLY off the beaten track is Cecilio J. Carneiro's **"The Bonfire"** (Cassel, 10s. 6d.), translated from the Portuguese by Dudley Poore. It tells of a thrusting, ambitious Syrian cobbler and trader who emigrates to Brazil and goes into coffee in a big way. His five daughters marry worthlessly, he is disappointed in his artistic son, thwarted in his business because he is too honest, but at his death still dreams of founding a city for Syrians and freeing Syria from French rule.

OTHER books to which we should like to draw readers' attention are:

MISCELLANEOUS

"Commando Men" by Brian Samain (Stevens, 10s. 6d.); **"The Intimate Charm of Kensington"** written and originally illustrated by Eric Whelpton and Barbara Crocker (Nicholson and Watson, 9s. 6d.); **"How to Make your Own Draperies"** a book of practical instruction in the making of curtains and draperies by Kay Hardy (Mayflower Publishing Co., 16s. 6d.).

ART BOOKS

The first four of the series Handbooks of European National Dances charmingly illustrated in colour and published by Max Parrish, 3s. 6d. each. **"Dances of Portugal,"** by Lucile Armstrong; **"Dances of Greece,"** by Domini Crosfield; **"Dances of Finland,"** by Yngvar Heikel and Anni Collan; and **"Dances of Austria,"** by Katharina Breuer

Three further titles in the **"Gallery of Masterpieces Series,"** by Max Parrish, 7s. 6d. each. "The Drawbridge," by van Gogh, "Helena Fourment," by Rubens and "Olympia," by Manet. **"Toying with a Fancy,"** by Kelen Kapp with an introduction by James Laver (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.).

Amongst the reprints are Rider Haggard's two famous romances, **"She"** and **"Montezuma's Daughter"** in Macdonald's Illustrated Edition (8s. 6d. each) and **"Somewhere in Scotland,"** by Alasdair Alpin MacGregor (Robert Hale, 15s.).

END

In Search Of Glamour (*Continued from page 42*)

toe flexion and extension. This exercise is quite easy to do while you are sitting in your bath.

3. Clawing with both feet. The toes may be flexed at the same time. Here is another exercise you can do while sitting in the bath. Keep your heels and calves pressed well down against the bath.

4. For slim ankles cross one leg over the other, let the foot dangle, and rotate the foot; clockwise when rotating the right foot, anti-clockwise when rotating the left foot so that the arch always gets pulled up towards you.

Foot troubles can cause a great deal of ugliness and a good chiropodist is one of the most valuable beauty experts, although he does not think of himself that way. Corns can be very painful and pain makes a woman look strained and tends to produce lines on the face. Do you know that there are five different kinds of corn? The hard corn, the corn involving vascular tissue—in this case the tiny capillaries bleed easily when the corn is being removed. Corns may also involve nerve endings as well as tiny blood vessels. Soft corns occur between the toes and are caused by moisture and there are also seed corns. The chiropodist is the right person to deal with a corn of any kind and the better he is at his job the less pain there will be when it is being removed. Callouses, which usually occur on the sole of the foot, tend to put you off your balance when you are walking. After the chiropodist has removed the callous keep an ordinary emery board and rub the sole of your foot each morning with this. It will help to prevent the callous from re-forming.

THE two ugliest and most common of all foot troubles are *hallux valgus* and the bunion. *Hallux valgus* is the displacement of the big toe towards the other toes and the girl who sells shoes must see literally dozens of cases of *hallux valgus* each day. The cause of this trouble is wearing the wrong type of shoe with too pointed a toe and too high a heel. All women with this displacement should wear low-heeled shoes. Some experts recommend massage with iodine ointment in conjunction with infra-red treatment. Bunions are also caused by wearing the wrong type of shoe and sometimes they are treated successfully with heat and light treatment.

It is far easier to walk well than badly. Acquire the habit of walking with your toes pointed straight ahead and then the weight of your body will fall on the outer border of your foot and your arches will be saved all strain.

END

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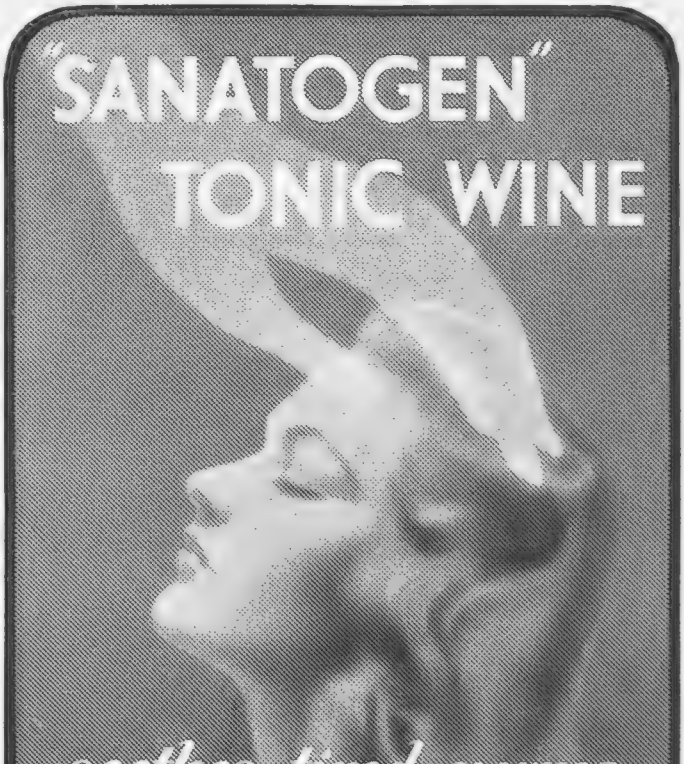

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5/6 HALF BOTT.

CVS-110

If He Is My Love (*Continued from page 32*)

"Sweet darling, forgive my madness. I knew I must go away before you woke. It is as it should be that such a night should have no to-morrow. Indeed, indeed, it is better so; it will be your wisdom to forget and my joy to remember. How right you were to forbid me to talk; there is nothing to say but thank you and good-bye. I could thank you for ever, and even good-bye is a fine word; it means God be with you."

This, then, was the anguish against which she had refused to shut her door. She returned to London and told Gerald she could never marry him, crying into his handkerchief and on his shoulder.

A YEAR passed. She heard nothing from Phillips, though having found out her name from the hotel he could surely have learnt her address. The Cornish night gradually faded to a poignant and particularly sacred dream. Her love was lost to her, her heart was broken, but one cannot stop the pulse even of a life that is empty by simply saying life is over.

When Gerald asked her to marry him after all, she decided to devote herself to making him happy.

Sometimes it was the greatest fun, not without tenderness, to buy things for their flat and plan how they'd bring up what number of children. Then suddenly, occasionally, she would feel haunted by that unfinished business and would say to herself: "but—this isn't—it." Just as though she had spoken aloud, Gerald would tell her rather crossly not to go through with it if she didn't want to.

Gerald said yes, Mariette could be a bridesmaid; the families and Mariette said no. That elegant girl modelled several creations of charm and fashion and great cost which Caroline chose for her trousseau. She was very prim with Caroline at the dress show, but consented to a whispered tea invitation.

"Madam-ing me!" protested her old friend, as usual, feeling ashamed for both of them as they ate their cakes.

"Don't be dippy, dear," advised the robust Mariette. "Special manners aren't humble, they're just our professional jargon—like legal terminology or music hall gags. Never met a butler, *ever* so respectful, thinking the world of himself and keeping the employers in their place?"

"Lord, yes. I remember being terrified of our Mansbridge. And then there was a dear we all consulted about everything."

"So Gerald's hooked you at last; here's to Gerald! Did you know I'm for the high jump too?"

Surprisingly, Mariette was wildly, mutually in love. She had thrown away her considerable chances for an insignificant young actor.

"More of a chorus-boy really—*and* he'll never be a star on Broadway! Slippery, too, and got no money sense. However, we've got that other thing."

"So it's worth it a million times!" cried Caroline, in sympathetic envy.

"I doubt it, but the question doesn't arise. We just can't help it."

"You *are* lucky," said Caroline.

Seeing her friend so starry-eyed, her joy in the news was shot with self-pity. She was aghast at the pain of her wakened wound, and stumbled in her chatter. From a purely practical point of view, however, Mariette was a comfort.

"*Awful*," she agreed earnestly, "not to be satisfied with your hairdresser. How dashing of your old one to go to South America! Look, love, don't you think they do my hair well at my new place? You go to Hercule, and be sure to ask for Mr. Rex. Don't stand any nonsense, tell them you're a friend of mine. And by the way, this'll slay you. . . ." Her thoughts wandered back to her own absorbing affairs, she smiled again with the brilliant softness of happy lovers. "What *was* I saying? Something—oh, perhaps it was about my honeymoon. We're going to spend half of it de luxe; and half of it class A economical—with his family. He's very stylish and quite educated, you know, and these old dears talk the broadest Zomerzet, have only been twice to London, do their own chores and never read a book but the Bible. But laugh! They think I'm the greatest scream, and we all *die* laughing!"

SURE enough, Mariette's name proved a good introduction at Hercule's elegant establishment; heavy as the booking was, it was decided that Caroline could just be fitted in on Friday. Her shampoo was entrusted to a nymph in a duck-egg green overall, but Mr. Rex came first to see what style she had favoured and to consult with her as to whether he could improve on it. She raised her eyes to the mirror. There, willowy, elegant, darkly handsome with his waving hair and long black lashes, she beheld Squadron Leader Phillips, D.F.C. and bar. Their reflected eyes met. Then she turned round, in pain, in pleasure, in panic. The incredible lashes were lowered now, veiling his eyes; if this were a sign of emotion, it was the only sign he gave. In another moment he was sweeping up her hair to suggest a shape which he thought would suit her. She consented to the change, without thought or understanding. Then the nymph arrived, and she underwent her shampoo in robot submission.

She felt herself to be in a sort of aching daze, horrible, yet mercifully imposed upon an underlying whirlpool. She was desperately hurt for him that he should meet her like this, that he, the squadron leader, the shining star of competence and courage, should have to lavish paid attention on the rich little Waaf who had never risen from the ranks. In this regard she suffered more than was necessary. Rex was happy in his work. He was, in his way, a creative artist, proud of his adroit fingers, his intuitive eyes, his subtle judgment. He was doubly successful, in that he made considerable money by doing what it was his æsthetic pleasure to do.

Caroline was right in her sick realization that she must take the initiative, the larger share of responsibility, if they were to find again that lost night of Cornwall. Then she remembered that yet another difficulty barred their way, if the cliffside walk were their way indeed. She was engaged to Gerald; they had been much paragraphed and photographed; Rex almost certainly knew.

Rex did her hair exquisitely, but of this she had no gladness or even knowledge. While he worked, he talked of indifferent things with polite aplomb, even with friendly charm. His manners were perfect. He did not quite pretend that they had never met before, but made a glancing reference to her having known Mariette in the Service. Presently, finding her responses somewhat strained, he fell silent, as one who respects his fellow-creatures' moods. He had not alluded to her engagement.

Caroline left, her hair in order and her heart in turmoil, with no communication achieved. It was not possible to let it go at that. How could she marry Gerald if this other man were her love, now that she had so fantastically found him again? How could she dare to be basely daunted by all the complications—if he were her love? In fairness to both men, she must find out where she stood, and she could not feel that she stood at all but rather that she was swimming, drowning, battered to pieces among cross currents. Just at closing time she rang up Hercule's, said she was Mariette and that she had lost Mr. Rex's home address. She was in luck. Rex had just left and could not be summoned, and the girl at the desk, though she sounded puzzled, supplied the information.

The following afternoon, Saturday, urged by necessity rather than by any shaped design, Caroline drove herself in her Bentley to Wimbledon.

Her thoughts on the journey, if thoughts they could be called, eddied round in unhappy circles. How shall I break it to Gerald? How shall I break it to my family, who will be much, much nastier than he will? How shall I face my own condemnation at having falsely given my word, only to end by causing scandal and grief? How shall I like living out in Wimbledon, and being laughed at and pitied by my old acquaintances? It all sounds impossible. But what is truly impossible is to be cowardly and paltry, if he is my love, if he is my love. It seemed to her that she had shot her bolt in seeking Rex out, that she would die if he did not welcome her to his heart with utter reassurance. There must be joy and tears to blot out Gerald, so dearly familiar and so wronged. Rex must hold her in his arms without need of explanation while the tide of love washed away all outside ghosts and reproaches.

The house was detached, with a garden back and front and a garage, near the Common but convenient for shops and communications. It was a pleasant little house, it seemed to welcome her. She rang the bell. When a woman answered the door, she said:

"I've come to see Squ—Mr. Phillips," and followed her into the drawing-room in a sort of dream.

"He won't be long," said the woman, reassuringly. "He's having a bit of a wash. He's been gardening and helping the kiddies clean the rabbits. I'm Mrs. Phillips."

Caroline said: "I'm so glad to meet you."

The dream had become a nightmare. She could not help staring at this enemy, this monster, who had stabbed her so neatly through her black jacket and her white crêpe-de-chine blouse. Of course it was naïve to feel so thunderstruck. Plenty of men had wives and—odious word—"kiddies." Yet she had been as unsuspicious as if he had had the word bachelor written on his forehead. The girls had said at the Station: "that one's got bachelor written all over him"; the know-all Mariette had guessed him not a marrying man. No warning had come over the grape vine, and in Cornwall she had thought "us—us—forever." As she murmured something about "what a charming room" she told herself that if this had been an attractive woman, a woman whom she could like, she might have minded less. Her eyes ranged up despairingly from small feet and pretty ankles to shapely but too-fat legs, a squat body clad in heavy white cotton crêpe splashed with enormous poppies, a short thick neck, a gargoyle face, flat and yellow, with over-plucked eyebrows, rolling great eyes, and a grinning gash of scarlet almost from ear to ear, surmounted by short coarse curls of grizzled black sticking up all over the head in natural spikes. She blinked her eyes against this caricature and stared again with some faint hope that it had been an hallucination. It was still there, it would always be there. She did not know whether to blame or pity Rex, whether to despise or fear such a rival. The unbidden thought that this was a let-out, a solution, was drowned in anguish by the memory that she had come in such good faith thinking the world a bagatelle for love.

"There, now," said Mrs. Phillips, "I can hear him on the stairs. Pardon me."

She lounged out. Straining her senses, Caroline heard the interchange outside.

"Visitor, Maisie?"

"Keep your wits about you, ducky. I think it's your Cornish Cream!"

"Oh, lord!"

The floor did not open, the sky did not fall. So there was that much confidence between them. Their voices had sounded very friendly till his had taken on a note of utter dismay.

This time he did show a trace of nervousness when he greeted Caroline, and it was she who mustered a certain aplomb. She couldn't behave in front of Maisie as though she knew that Maisie knew.

"I thought I must come and look you up. I'm losing touch already with so many old comrades-at-arms, and it was such a nice surprise to run into you again." Comrades-at-arms! Comrades-in-arms! it was idiotic, but she had delivered it quite well. As though they had just known each other in the war. As though they hadn't kissed only a year ago, and been introduced again by a mirror yesterday. (*Continued on page 72*)

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"Show her the garden, won't you, Rexie, while I chase the children up to tidy for tea?"

Maisie shooed them out, and Caroline thought, I believe that bold-faced slut is having the nerve to be kind to me. She halted in front of the rabbits and said brightly:

"Well! You've got everything a man wants."

"Yes," he agreed wretchedly. "I was going to tell you in Cornwall."

"Oh—that's a long way off—in space and time."

She was torn between a wish to hurt him by letting him know how much she was hurt, and a wish to mortify him by pretending she had never been more than amused. The decision seemed important; she forgot that women are only faced with it when it really doesn't matter what they do. She did, however, remember that she had given herself away by being there at all.

He began: "I was very much upset in Cornwall."

"*You* were. That's very funny."

"Maisie and I had somehow got a little out of touch. At least, I thought we had. I suppose I didn't settle down too well with family life after the war; or perhaps every marriage has a crisis after fifteen years. Our marriage is made up of little, regular things—and yet they add up. But somehow I felt restless, out of step, and when my holiday came I wanted a second honeymoon at the Lighthouse Hotel; I felt it was important for us just then. Her sister Polly came to look after the children; Maisie annoyed me by staying behind an extra day to settle her in. And then Polly and my daughter went down with 'flu. Maisie *couldn't* get away, and I couldn't forgive her for letting me down, though I knew it was unjust. I was strung up and tired and felt as though there was a curse on me. And then I saw you. I knew nothing in the world about you, but you were wonderful. You turned it all to magic."

Caroline realized that it is not so common for a man to try to tell a woman what really happened. She let him go on.

"I had never known anything like it before. It was all new. Maisie and I were never at all like that; we just got on and wanted to be together, and never had any doubts about getting married. We have something that suits us, and seems to make sense in the general scheme of things too. But you—it was a madness, not like me at all. It lifted the curse, and made everything all right for me; a sort of shining dream thing, quite separate from real life."

"So you told Maisie, and she laughed."

"Ah, but nicely."

"I was in love. A dream thing! It was life to me all right. It felt like death when you went."

"Oh, *no!* Please—you're only saying it to punish me. We had no roots, and no small change—there wasn't time for reality. It was—just a lovely—bonus."

"There is such a thing as deep feeling. Even Mariette knows that now. Your realities and mine are different."

Maisie called them. He turned eagerly towards escape, which was no escape for her; the family tea party, after their appalling conversation, would be the worst nightmare of all. She went back to the house with her last words ringing in her ears. Your realities and mine are different. But what did that mean? What reality had she ever heeded? Did she know what her reality was?

Maisie presented her youngest son, a gnome-like child of six who took after her, and who wore an admiral's cocked hat.

"This is an R.A.F. friend of your dad's. Of course she doesn't care for sailors!"

The child said affably: "Excuse my mum. She's a dear little girl but *rather* silly. Naturally you prefer the Senior Service?"

"He's working his way right through," said Maisie. "From admiral to powder-monkey."

The older boy and the girl came in together. This boy also took after his mother, but Caroline admitted it would be attractive in a man. The girl, fourteen years old and the eldest of the three, was an exquisite feminine replica of her father; she was studying dancing. They had nice manners but were not shy; they told their visitor the names and characters of their rabbits, what they had had for dinner and where they were going for daddy's holidays. The nightmare feeling ebbed away. Maisie and the children teased each other affectionately, gradually. Rex recovered enough to join in, even Caroline made a good tea and laughed.

When the three were sent off for a walk on the Common and Caroline got up to go, Maisie said suddenly:

"Why not stay for supper?"

Caroline said, much surprised at herself: "I—I'd *like* to. But I want to hurry back to Gerald. That's the man I'm going to marry."

Rex and Maisie saw her to the car. Impulsively she kissed Maisie at parting, thinking her a charming woman. She said a warm good-bye to Rex, smiling a reassurance very different from that which she had earlier hoped to receive. As she drove back, towards what she thought of with relief as civilization, her mind was bubbling with all she wished to say to Gerald. Of course she'd have to apologize, and yet there'd be no need to. He'd laugh—but nicely, like Maisie. And he would be very happy, because now she knew what she wanted and was his. Only once did she remember Rex with a pang, when she thought:

"He did my hair so *beautifully*. And now I must find a new hairdresser. Or must I?"

END

Scraps Of Paper

(*Continued from page* 16)

the scene changes. We are now at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The scene is Lisbon which has become the capital of Portugal; the year, 1702. King Peter II sits on the throne; in England, William III has been nine months dead and Anne reigns as Queen. Once again there is Latin script on a single parchment sheet, but the lead seal is now replaced by red wax, set in a silver skippet, with the effigy of a child, and flowers as a decoration. There are laces of green silk and silver bullion. The script merely says that "Petrus R" has empowered the Marquis de Alegrete to negotiate a Treaty of Commerce with Britain. Not important? Maybe not, but this Treaty gave rise to the two "Methuen Treaties" which brought port wine for the first time from Oporto to Britain and made huge fortunes for several Scottish families who settled in Portugal and shipped the ruby wine to our shores.

JUST have a look at this four-page document; no plaited lace, no skippet, no gold or silver bullion. The year is 1847. Queen Victoria has been ten years on the throne and Lord John Russell is Premier; we are going to abolish slavery. All commanders of ships in Her Majesty's Navy were empowered to negotiate with native chiefs in the name of the Queen and for this purpose carried documents in blank. The only snag was that the native chiefs could not read or write, a state of things which often gave rise to what we call "Gilbertian situations"; indeed, there are reasons to believe that the Savoy Jester did actually draw on such a situation for the "Ballad of the Three Kings of Chickerboo." Here you have the facts in black and white.

It is the 30th of March, the scene is H.M. Sloop *Favourite*, momentarily in the Garraway River, on the West Coast of Africa. A number of grinning black gentlemen come aboard and listen while the commander of the sloop reads aloud the document abolishing the traffic in slaves. He finishes and signs: Alex Murray. "Now, gentlemen," to the coloured men, "step up and give your names which I will write down and then you affix your marks. Savvy?"

Here they come and in turn speak their names: Black Will, King of Garraway River; Bottle of Beer, Governor of Garraway Town; Prince Will, Governor of the Port. Four wafer seals are affixed; then the ship's officers and the interpreter witness the document and slavery is abolished—perhaps.

WHAT about marriage? Oh, yes, sometimes these things, too, are scraps of paper. The date is January 29, 1863; the place Frendesborg in Denmark. This gay parchment book of twelve pages, with a colourful cover of gold bullion, red seals and red silk and tassels, records the ratification by King Frederick VII of Denmark of the treaty of marriage between Princess Alexandra and Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. The marriage ceremony took place in London two and a half months later.

HERE are two documents which in their pages portray the rise and fall of Napoleon Bonaparte. Here is the famous Treaty of Amiens, which put an end to the first period of the Napoleonic Wars. Napoleon, "in the name of the French people," as First Consul of France, ratifies a Definite Treaty of Peace between Great Britain and France, Spain and the Bavarian Republic. The date is April 17, 1802; the place, Paris. Napoleon's Empire is extensive; how long will it last?

This book with a dark blue velvet cover all decorated with gold and silver bullion and coloured silks encloses twenty-two vellum pages written in English, French, Latin and Spanish. With a flourish Napoleon signs "Bonaparte"; Talleyrand (with a small "t") countersigns. Then there is a red seal set in a silver gilt skippet; on the seal and the skippet a figure of a woman, the forerunner of Marianne, to signify the French Republic. Then there are more laces of blue silk and gold and silver bullion and tassels.

The next historic document might well be entitled: "Thirteen Years Later."

Waterloo has been fought. The short-lived Napoleonic Consulship and Empire is no more. Thirteen years of European strife are epitomized in three hundred and twenty-six vellum pages. When Napoleon escaped from Elba, the Vienna Congress was dancing. Now back in Vienna in June 1815, Congress is putting the finishing touches to the final Act which, signed on June 9, settled the affairs of Europe. A document is written in French and bound inside a red leather cover with gilt stamped decoration, but compared with the Treaty of Amiens, this important document is sober indeed. No gold or silver bullion adorn it, no silver skippet. There is a blue silk cord with red shellac armorial seals on it; note the signatures:

Austria: Prince de Metternich
Baron de Wessenberg (who served Marie-Louise so badly)

France: le prince de talleyrand (despite the promotion, a small "p" and still a small "t."
Le Duc de Dalberg
Le Comte de Noailles

Overleaf are the signatures of the Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia and Sweden. And that is that.

You can make a tour of world history covering seven and a half centuries, all under one roof, between Holborn and the Strand. Royal Houses, Republics, Dictatorships have risen and fallen and in some cases risen again while this collection of Treaties was being built up. What amazing changes our world has seen and survived.

END

1.3.49

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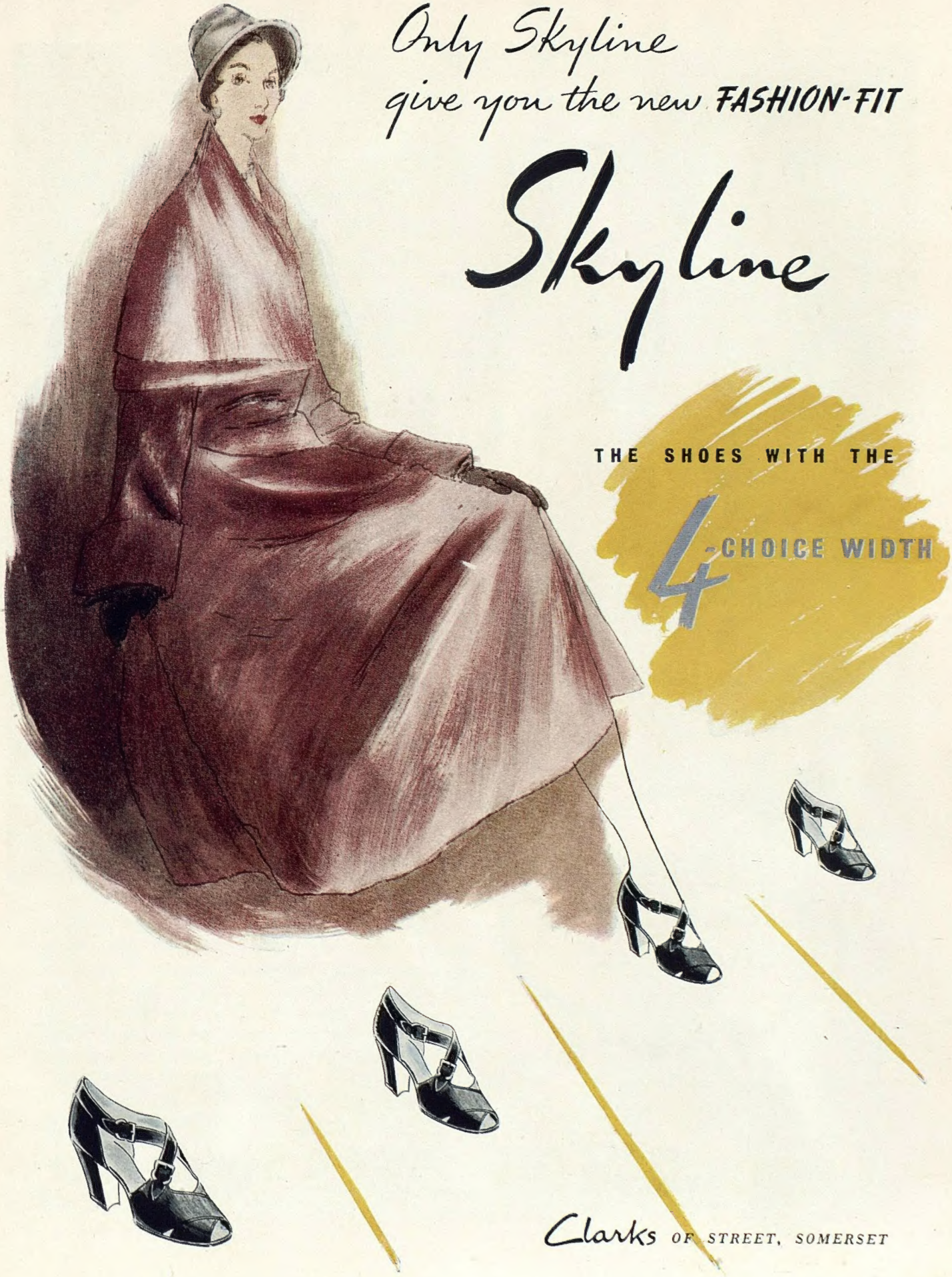
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